

# BASEBALL 1966

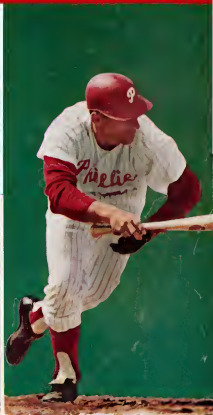
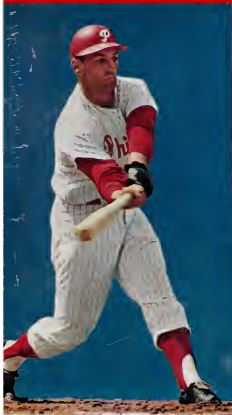
# Sports Illustrated

35 CENTS

### In Color:

## Scouting Reports on Both Leagues

## DICK GROAT AND THE NEW PHILS



*The Thunderbird Touch:  
A speed control conveniently located on the steering wheel*



1966 Thunderbird Town Landau with new town and

Relax! Thunderbird's new 1966 Highway Pilot Control option makes long drives almost effortless. It lets you "set," "retard," and "resume" your cruising speed with just a flick of your finger. This unit is thoughtfully located within the spokes of Thunderbird's Swing-Away steering wheel.

Other Thunderbird personal

touches for 1966: a new full-width taillight, a new 4-speaker AM Radio Stereo-Sonic Tape option. Easy-loading cartridges give you over 70 minutes of music. There's a new push-button Safety Convenience Panel mounted overhead on Town Hardtop and Landau models; a more powerful, standard V-8... a monumen-

tal 128-cubic-inch V-8 option... and all the craftsmanship that has made this car a trend-setting classic in its own time!

*Thunderbird*



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# 1931



That's the year Sears founded Allstate.

Now, it may strike you as strange that anybody would start an insurance company in a Depression year, when money was a collector's item.

But more than ever, before or since, people needed rock-solid values on everything—including insurance. More for their dollar.

And that's just why Allstate was born.

Thirty-five years later, the money picture is considerably brighter. Most apples are sold in supermarkets, not on street corners. The banks are open.

And, 8 million people trust Allstate for all or part of their insurance. Life, Auto, Health and Home protection—Business, too.

Their number keeps growing, because as new policyholders sign on, old ones stay on, year after year after year.

Which would seem to prove a point:

Values are always in season.



**You're in good hands with ALLSTATE—  
where people come for value and stay for service.**

Allstate® Insurance Companies—founded by Sears



If Rose's is made for gimlets,  
what's it doing in a Collins?



Every Rose's West Indian lime is brought up to be a good little gimlet mixer. ("One part rose to 4 or 5 parts gin or vodka," so the lesson goes.)

But there are some things children learn that a parent doesn't teach them. Like? How to make the best Tom Collins in the world, what else?

But Rose's Lime Juice comes by that quite naturally.

That's because it is made from lush yellow limes grown only in Dominica. They are fatter than untropical limes. Have a much better taste. An exquisite tart-sweet taste. Superb.

Try it in a Collins. Mix 5 parts gin, rum, or vodka to 1 part Rose's. Pour over ice. Fill with soda. Stir. Serve.

Smart kid.

# Contents

APRIL 18, 1966 Volume 24, No. 16

Cover photograph by Walter Rees Jr.

## 36 Three Was a Crowd

Trials, greens and gusts winds at Augusta led to high scores in the Masters and an exciting three-man playoff

## 44 After Foss: a Hotter Pro War

Reverges AFL Commissioner, Joe Foss presides a period of peace and destructive violence between the leagues

## 46 Across the Past to Manila

Flat calm, sailing wind and a strong sense of history work the course of the Third China Sea boat race

## Baseball 1966

### 50 WHOSE TURN IN THE NATIONAL?

It's a fractional league, but the Phillies should win

#### SCOUTING REPORTS

50 Phillies	60 Braves
54 Dodgers	62 Cardinals
56 Pirates	64 Astros
58 Reds	66 Cubs
59 Giants	68 Mets

### 73 THINGS LOOK BETTER IN THE AMERICAN

With talent up and Yankees down, it's a new era

#### SCOUTING REPORTS

73 Orioles	84 Senators
76 Twins	86 Athletics
78 Tigers	88 Yankees
81 White Sox	89 Angels
82 Indians	90 Red Sox

### 114 THE KING OF THE JUNGLE

Mets' Walter O'Malley, a man often nervous and

### 95 Growing Up Scared in Louisville

In Part II of the Cassius Clay series, Jack Olsen probes deeply into the champion's sometimes violent background

## The departments

22 Scorecard	110 Bridge
104 People	137 For the Record
107 Horse Racing	138 19th Hole



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Credits on page 137

## Next week

**DUROCHER'S RETURN** to baseball is almost certain to produce a scenario fit for Hollywood. And that is where he will be when he takes his Chicago Cubs into Dodger Stadium.

**IS HE MYSTERICAL** or only human? Jack Olsen, in the continuing Cassius Clay series, examines the champion's paradoxical behavior and casts new light on some famous episodes.

**THE STANLEY CUP** playoffs dwell the excitement of an entire 70-game hockey season into two best-of-seven series. Martin Kane samples the brew as it gets perilously close to more.





3M

## Treat 'em rough.

These slacks have "Scotchgard" Brand Stain Repeller and permanent press. Practically nothing fazes them. Even oily liquids just "sit" on the surface until blotted away. And if a stain is ever forced into the weave, it spot-cleans, generally without leaving a ring. Crease stays in, wrinkles stay out, too. So treat 'em rough. They love it.

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And you'll be too busy to  
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or visit the Museum of  
Modern Art?*

*Is your wife too busy?*

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the brand working cowboys wear

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## GOLFING EVENTS

### Men pros

- APRIL 25** Dallas Open, Oak Cliff Country Club, Dallas, \$85,000 (through April 24).  
**APRIL 26** Texas Open, Oak Hills Country Club, San Antonio, \$90,000 (through May 1).  
**MAY 5** Houston Champions International, Champions Golf Club, Houston, \$100,000 (through May 8).  
**MAY 12** Greater New Orleans Open, Lakewood Country Club, New Orleans, \$100,000 (through May 15).  
**MAY 18** Colonial National, Colonial Country Club, Fort Worth, \$110,000 (through May 22).  
**MAY 26** Oklahoma City Open, Quail Creek Country Club, Oklahoma City, \$50,000 (through May 29).  
**JUNE 2** Memphis Open, Colonial Country Club, Memphis, \$75,000 (through June 5).  
**JUNE 8** Buick Open, Warwick Hills Country Club, Grand Blanc, Mich., \$100,000 (through June 12).  
**JUNE 18** USGA Open, Olympic Country Club, San Francisco, \$150,000 (through June 19).  
**JUNE 23** Western Open, Medinah Country Club, Chicago, \$100,000 (through June 26).  
**JULY 8** British Open, Muirfield, Gullane, Scotland, \$55,000 (through July 8).  
**JULY 14** St. Paul Open, Keller Golf Club, St. Paul, \$85,000 (through July 17).  
**JULY 21** PGA Championship, Firestone Country Club, Akron, \$150,000 (through July 24).  
**JULY 28** "500" Festival Open, Speedway Golf Club, Speedway, Ind., \$75,000 (through July 31).  
**AUG. 4** Cleveland Open, Lakewood Country Club, Lakewood, Ohio, \$100,000 (through Aug. 7).  
**AUG. 11** Thunderbird Classic, Upper Merion Country Club, Upper Merion, N.J., \$125,000 (through Aug. 14).  
**AUG. 18** Insurance City Open, Wethersfield Country Club, Wethersfield, Conn., \$100,000 (through Aug. 21).  
**AUG. 28** Philadelphia Golf Classic, White-march Country Club, Chestnut Hill, Pa., \$100,000 (through Aug. 28).  
**AUG. 31** Carling World, Royal Birkdale Golf Club, Southport, England, \$200,000 (through Sept. 3).  
**SEPT. 10** World Series, Firestone Country Club, Akron, \$77,500 (through Sept. 13).  
**OCT. 8** World Match Play Tournament, Wentworth, England, \$45,000 (through Oct. 9).  
**NOV. 10** Canada Cup, Tokyo Yamanashi Country Club, Tokyo, Japan (through Nov. 13).

### Women pros

- APRIL 22** Peach Blumson Invitational, Spartanburg Country Club, Spartanburg, S.C., \$5,400 (through April 24).  
**APRIL 26** Sureport Kiwanis Club Invitational, Palmetto Country Club, Benson, La., \$4,000 (through May 1).  
**MAY 8** Tall City Open, Hogan Park Golf Club, Midland, Texas, \$12,500 (through May 8).  
**MAY 12** Dallas Crissan Invitational, Glen Lakes Country Club, Dallas, \$15,000 (through May 15).  
**MAY 20** Babe Zaharias Open, Bayou D'Or

continued

# The one thing no other life insurance company can offer your family...



## ...is a Mass Mutual agent.

There are, it's fair to say, a number of fine life insurance companies. Quite a few of them can offer you highly flexible policies. And, frankly, costs don't vary much from company to company.

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#### GOLFING EVENTS *continued*

Golf Club, Beaumont, Texas, \$9,000 (through May 27)

**MAY 27** Baton Rouge Ladies' Invitational, Sherwood Forest Country Club, Baton Rouge, \$10,000 (through May 29)

**JUNE 2** Clayton Federal Open, Norwood Hills Country Club, St. Louis, \$12,500 (through June 5)

**JUNE 10** Bluegrass Invitational, Hunting Creek Country Club, Louisville, \$10,000 (through June 12)

**JUNE 10** Milwaukee Jaycee Open, Tuckaway Country Club, Milwaukee, \$12,500 (through June 19)

**JUNE 24** Waterloo Women's Invitational, Sunnyside Country Club, Waterloo, Iowa, \$10,000 (through June 26)

**JUNE 30** USGA Women's Open, Hazlet Golf Club, Minneapolis, \$20,000 (through July 3)

**JULY 9** Buckeye Savings Invitational, Cloverbrook Country Club, Cincinnati, \$11,000 (through July 10)

**JULY 15** Lady Carling Open, Stony Creek Country Club, Columbus, Ohio, \$15,000 (through July 17)

**JULY 30** Superstar Ladies' Open, Seasidegale Golf Club, London, Ore., \$15,000 (through July 31)

**AUG. 5** Lady Carling Open, Pleasant Valley Country Club, Sutton, Mass., \$15,000 (through Aug. 7)

**AUG. 12** Lady Carling Open, Turf Valley Country Club, Flicom City, Md., \$12,500 (through Aug. 14)

**AUG. 19** Women's Western Open, Rainbow Springs Country Club, Mukwonago, Wis., \$10,000 (through Aug. 21)

**AUG. 26** Glens City Classic, Highland Meadows Country Club, Toledo, \$12,500 (through Aug. 28)

#### Amateur and team events

**APRIL 19** Women's North and South, Pinehurst Country Club, Pinehurst, N.C. (through April 21)

**JUNE 22** NCAA Championship, Stanford University Golf Club, Palo Alto, Calif. (through June 25)

**JULY 15** USGA Public Links, Brown Deer Park Golf Club, Milwaukee (through July 16)

**JULY 29** Curtis Cup, Virginia Hot Springs Golf and Tennis Club, Hot Springs, Va. (through July 30)

**AUG. 2** USGA Junior Championship, Calaveras Country Club, Whittier, Calif. (through Aug. 6)

**AUG. 9** USGA Women's Championship, Sewickley Heights Golf Club, Sewickley Heights, Pa. (through Aug. 13)

**AUG. 16** USGA Girls' Junior Championship, Longue Vue Club, Verona, Pa. (through Aug. 20)

**AUG. 26** USGA Men's Championship, Merion Golf Club, Ardmore, Pa. (through Sept. 3)

**SEPT. 26** USGA Senior Men's Championship, Tucson National Golf Club, Tucson (through Oct. 1)

**OCT. 20** Women's World Team Championship, Mexico City Country Club, Mexico City, Mexico (through Oct. 23)

**OCT. 27** Men's World Team Championship, Club de Golf, Mexico City, Mexico (through Oct. 30)



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Be an authority! Set up your own independent beer test under ideal research conditions. You don't even need a computer.

All you need are (1) several brands of beer and (2) your nose. Pour the beers into glasses (about half full). Swirl 'em around a little bit and take a whiff of each. Now pour Budweiser and check the difference. If you have half the nose we *hope* you have, you'll get the message. Budweiser has whiffability... a clean, fresh aroma you find *only* in Buds.

And as you know, aroma is the *best* tip-off to taste. Budweiser gets its whiffability where it gets its drinkability—from Beechwood Ageing. Only the King of Beers is brewed this painstaking way. It costs more money and takes more time, but we think the results are worth it.

Next time you're out with friends for a round of beer, go ahead and let them order the usual. Then spring the whiffability test on them. No prompting...let them judge for themselves. Of course, if they're all Budweiser drinkers to begin with, in the interest of research you'll have to get some of them to order other brands.

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minded buyers.

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competition equipment available. Look for dealer at Yellow Pages. Available in Canada. Overseas  
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**Triumph TR-4A**

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The straight-talk  
tire people.

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**2.** From toe to heel, the sole of an X-31 iron is more deeply contoured than the sole of most other irons. This means that you take a narrower, cleaner divot—cutting down on the "drag" that reduces club head speed and robs you of distance. The contoured sole of an X-31 gets all of the blade behind the ball—even in a tight lie—for maximum power and control.



**3.** The shaft is specially designed with Wilson's exclusive "Power-Groove"—a vertical ribbed section of the shaft which helps keep the club face perpendicular to the line of flight for maximum accuracy.



**4.** The blade is longer and deeper than other irons, with wider face scoring, to give you a wider, more effective hitting area.

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And be sure to see the new 1966 Wilson X-31 woods, too. They're the woods with the revolutionary patented design that puts the power of the shaft directly behind the hitting area for extra distance and improved accuracy.

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**Got no yacht?** Don't fret. You can buy all kinds of insurance with us... and we'll specialize all the way. Whether we insure your house, your life, your business or your reputation, we'll custom-fit, tailor-make, individually-plan.

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About that boat policy.

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**Frank admission:** It is not the cheapest boat insurance in the world, and it isn't made for cheap boats. We design the policy to fit your requirements. We also insure power-boats and out-boards.

**What the policy gives you:** Coverage greater than what you're probably now getting.

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Better coverage for boats being trailered or car-topped.

Our middle name is "Marine." Has been for a century or more. This makes us pretty knowledgeable about boats, you can imagine. Insurance, too.

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# SCORECARD

## THE ALTITUDE LAG

In the 30 months since Mexico was awarded the 1968 Olympics there has been a lot of offhand worrying and some sober investigation of the effect the thin air of Mexico City will have on performers. In the AAU swimming championships held at sea level in Brandon, Fla. last week, the swimming worriers were able to measure the damage using a very human (but very dependable) standard: Roy Saari of Southern California. Although Saari placed only second in each event, swimming in water a trifle chilly, he clocked 16:41.5 in the 1,650-yard swim, 4:42.0 for 500 yards and 1:43.4 for 200 yards. In contrast, three weeks ago, winning the same three events in the NCAA championships at the Air Force Academy (altitude 5,900 feet), Saari was 26.7 slower at 1,650 yards and 8.6 and 1.6 seconds slower respectively at 500 and 200 yards. Furthermore, his times in the two longer events were very much slower than those he recorded as a junior last year, racing at Iowa State, and as a sophomore in the Yale pool. In simple terms, a Saari-by-the-Sea can beat the trunks off a mile-high Saari any time.

## BIG ENOUGH FOR BOTH?

The question is not whether the coming season will be a success at South Carolina U. under Paul Dietzel, late of Army and LSU, who is developing a reputation as the oldest established permanent floating football coach in the land. It is whether the state is big enough to contain both Dietzel and the gentleman from Clemson, Frank Howard. When it was announced that Dietzel had signed for \$35,000 a year Howard received a needling telegram saying Dietzel must be twice as good a coach because he was getting twice as much money. The salty Howard, who maintains he has helped out eight coaches from South Carolina, said, "Yeah, I know old Colgate Paul." Didn't he mean Pepsodent Paul, a nickname given Dietzel because

of his bright smile? "Naww," growled Howard. "Colgate Paul. Because Colgate beat him, too."

All this adds competitive fire to the traditional Clemson-Carolina game, which doesn't really need any more. Further, the LSU ticket office is swamped with eager requests for its September 17 opener against South Carolina, assuring a 67,000 sellout crowd for Dietzel's return to his old school. It promises to be a dandy football season down South.

## THE SINGING NONE

As tender in track as it is tough in basketball—Ivy League champion this year—the University of Pennsylvania has ended another indoor season without a win. No matter that the school has no indoor-track facilities. "Villanova kids will run in the snow," said Penn Track Coach Boo Morcom. "They're track men. Ivy League kids won't. They're students who go out for track."

To prove his point Morcom produced a letter written to him by one of his runners before the annual Polar Bear meet against Princeton and Columbia.

"Dear Boo," the letter said, "I will not be going with the indoor track team today. For a number of reasons I am not prepared for this meet and I refuse to humiliate myself and the university by putting in an unsatisfactory, token performance. Realizing my failings, I have decided to go with the glee club to Boston, since my voice, at least, is in good shape. . . ."

## FISHERMAN

On Lake Texoma, whose waters overflow the borders of Texas and Oklahoma, every boat is a pew and every fisherman a member of the congregation. Three times each Sunday, in season, the Rev. Tom Arney, using his own 17-foot runabout for a pulpit, begins a sermon over a loudspeaker system: "Come, let us worship God together." This week, to celebrate Easter Sunday, nine additional preachers spread out along Tex-

oma to join Arney in a sunrise service.

Arney is a well-built, handsome Presbyterian with a crew cut, and he wears a clerical collar over his black sport shirt. His customary service includes records of organ music and hymns by Tennessee Ernie. The range of the speaker is half a mile, and listeners are, of course, free to move their boats outside it. Most fishermen stay where they are.

"For some of those people," says Arney, "the weekend is the only time the family can all get together for some outdoor fun, but in many cases they feel guilty about not getting to church. We simply meet a very human need."

Says Britt Swann, director of the Lake Texoma Association: "I send 'em, and he saves 'em."

## TRACKS OF TROUBLE

Dog tracks in the sand traps—one of those little things that make golfers apoplectic—have prompted Tampa's historic and cleanly manicured Palma Ceia Country Club to take stern action. In one of those rulings that only a greens committee can dream up the club has announced that any dogs straying onto the course will be captured, bound and held for the



dog catcher. Another knotty problem solved.

Not entirely. Hearing this news, one dog-loving resident of a home facing a Palma Ceia fairway notified the club by letter that any golfer found in his yard in search of a lost ball would be captured, bound and held for the police as a trespasser. Furthermore, the writer said, should the golfer resist and go so far as to bite one of his yardmen in the struggle, the golfer would be confined for a

continued



Time treats a Lincoln Continental gently.



Seen in the background, the 1964 Lincoln Continental sedan; in the foreground is the 1964 Continental

A Lincoln Continental today is very much a car of tomorrow. Its look will remain in style because Lincoln Continental is never changed for the sake of change. Its performance will stand the test of time because every Continental is built to the highest standards in the world and most stringently tested. This is why the previously owned and proudly cared for 1964 model, background above, is virtually as contemporary as the new coupe.

Your Lincoln Continental dealer will be pleased plain why a Lincoln Continental is such a sound investment, why it retains its value year after year, and both the new Continental and previously owned are cars of substantial and lasting worth. Discover close you may be to owning a Continental.



LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION

 LINCOLN *Continental*

America's most distinguished motor



## The Bachelor Shirt

We have a sneaking suspicion that the laundry problem is one reason so many bachelors end up married. So, for those determined not to get caught, we suggest this shirt. The first box center front dress shirt that doesn't need ironing. It's of 50% Blue "C"-polyester

and 50% cotton in white, yellow and blue. Sizes 14 to 16½, about \$6. And it's Wear-Dated®. Which means it's guaranteed for a full year's normal wear—refund or replacement by Chemstrand. (Even a wife will appreciate it.) Get the bachelor shirt by **LION OF TROY**.

THE BACHELOR SHIRT IS GUARANTEED FOR A FULL YEAR'S NORMAL WEAR—REFUND OR REPLACEMENT BY CHEMSTRAND. (EVEN A WIFE WILL APPRECIATE IT.)

**WEAR DATED**

**C**  
CHEMSTRAND

period of five days awaiting the results of a rabies test. Have any more edicts, Mr. Chairman?

#### JOHNNY'S KNEE

There is news about Johnny Unitas' damaged knee, the knee that kept pro football's top quarterback out of three games last season—good news. "John has made a beautiful recovery," says Bill Neal, the Baltimore physical therapist who has been treating him. "Right now he can do everything on that knee that he could do before. He can run. He can cut. He could play tomorrow."

Well, back to the bench, Gary Cuozzo. Back to halfback, Tom Matte. And back to your oldest unsolved problem, National Football League.

#### SUPER SUPERMARKET CAR

There is no place like New York's International Automobile Show for spotting motoring trends. We looked in as the show opened last week and, unmistakably, cars are getting fancier and more expensive. Surprisingly, the hat of the show was not a low-hung sports car. It was, of all things, a station wagon.

England's new Aston Martin Shooting Brake is the sort of car Mom can drive to the station—at 160 mph—stick-shifting or using automatic transmission, as she chooses. It holds four in air-conditioned, soft-leather comfort. The rear window is heated, and a dial on the dash will adjust the suspension system from a stiff ride to a floating ride.

The one Shooting Brake on display was in Roman purple, the color of a highly waxed Concord grape, and was fitted with a wicker picnic basket, a magnum of champagne and a chamois rifle case in back. This model—and the others to follow—will sell for \$22,000, which some may consider a reasonable price to pay for the name alone.

#### A CHIEF FOR JOE LUTZ

Let stuffy purists moan, we say good luck to Joe Lutz, the new baseball coach at Southern Illinois University, and to his new deal on the SIU diamond. When SIU opened the season against Memphis State, Lutz dispensed with the customary visiting dignitary and his customary limp throwing-out of the first ball. Instead he had three of the school's parachute-club members dive from 12,500 feet above the field. Diver Gordon Cummings won the right to toss out the

*continued*



for the grownups' hour

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IMPORTED ENGLISH GIN



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**First portable TV  
ever built with  
a solid integrated  
circuit!**



The kind of circuitry that's proved itself in today's spacecraft—now adapted to the sound system of a tiny portable TV! It's a major element of reliability, another great advance over hand-wiring!

And the new 12-inch\* Minikin boasts a solid-state transistorized<sup>1</sup> power system, plus the famous RCA solid copper

circuit that won't come loose or short circuit or go haywire. See the new Minikin at your RCA Victor dealer!

\*Tube size is a general TV size. In portable, this dimension represents tube



The Most Trusted Name in Electronics

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**New RCA Victor Minikin**

**The more we thought about it, the less we liked the idea of our name on top of the head of a beautifully finished wood.**

So we took it off.

After all, we reasoned, it couldn't much help you hit the ball between the screws to see a brand name everytime you're lining up a shot.

But when we had a bunch of plain, unmarked woods made up and sat around the office with them, we had to admit they looked kind of big and dumb. Something was missing all right. Then one of our First Flight engineers got out a marker and drew this mark ➤ on the head to indicate the exact hitting point between the screws. That seemed to satisfy everybody, because it was an honest change that could help a man hit the ball better.

That's the only kind of change we make. And always have made.

Take the swingweight principle of golf club design. We came up with it 30 years ago. Since then it's been possible for a golfer to swing in one basic groove, whether he's swinging a swing-weighted 9 iron or a swing-weighted 3 iron. Whether he's teeing off with a driver or using his #3 wood. Other clubs have been imitating our principle ever since, but we like to think they don't do it as precisely.

Then more recently, our engineers noticed that the hosel on certain irons (the thin part of the head that's connected to the shaft) tended to bend a little after enough balls were hit, and, at the worst, could even change the loft of a 3 iron, say to a 2. So they shortened the hosel and added a rounded sole that wouldn't dig in. Nobody else, it seems, has thought enough about irons to do the same.

Our engineers specify True Temper steel shafts on every club, so the whipping action can never go dead. They specify Golf Pride grips that can never dry out, or slip when they get wet. They fiddle with the sand-blasting on the face of every iron until it's just deep enough but not

too deep. (Maybe you've noticed some club companies seem to think the markings on the face of an iron are for looks instead of function). Every one of our irons, and every one of our woods has been carefully thought out, designed, tested and manufactured as a unit. There's no assembly line at First Flight. If a guy has a crazy idea that 21 laminations would be better than 20 on a particular wood, we let him go ahead and work it out. If a pro tells us our 7 iron seems to have .08 of an ounce too much weight in the heel, we check that out.

There isn't a golfer alive who doesn't play a better game of golf when he feels good about his clubs. That's the way we expect you to feel about our clean, simple irons, and our smooth, honest woods. Because the more we've thought about it, the more we've come up with things to help you feel that way.

### **First Flight ➤**

Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Custom built woods and irons, steel-center golf balls, and Hot-Z golf bags. At pro shops only.







## Don't laugh.

A Volkswagen police car may seem like a funny idea to you, but it makes a lot of sense to the city of Scottsboro, Alabama.

They wanted a car for Police Officer H. L. Wilkerson that could patrol parking meters all day, 6 days a week, in stop-and-go traffic. Without breaking down. And without breaking the taxpayers.

So, in 1964, they bought Car 5-5 a VW

with a dome light, siren, and 2-way radio.

That was the year of Scottsboro's only 12-inch snowfall. The other police cars were in trouble up to their hubcaps. But Car 5-5 was a credit to the Force. It went uphill. And downhill. And Officer Wilkerson didn't even bother to put the chains on.

Officer Wilkerson isn't supposed to go after speeders. But one day in 1965 he

chased one. And caught him. It's hard to say who was more surprised.

Car 5-5 still averages 29 miles per gallon. It still doesn't use any oil between changes. And it's never had a breakdown.

After a year and a half of continuous use, it had its clutch replaced, and its valves adjusted.

That is all.



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on the  
run for  
summer  
fun



■ Make the most of Summer in Converse Playtime Footwear, the next best thing to going barefoot. Sleek, young-looking, washable, longer-wearing, with built-in comfort, thanks to the star quality construction that has made Converse athletic footwear nationally famous.



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#### SCORECARD *continued*

first ball by coming down directly on the pitcher's mound.

Lutz wasn't through. For bat boys he substituted eight comely coed bat girls. He brought in a campus combo to entertain the audience between innings. Without tampering with the game itself, he made it more fun, which is to the good. Won the opener, too, by a score of 7-3.

#### BEACH BRUTES, 1966 STYLE

When he-man Clark Gable consented to have his chest shaved for his role in *It Happened One Night*, in which he appeared shirtless in one well-remembered scene, the idea was to tone down the shock of such unusual exposure. Times have changed. A London shop has begun selling chest toupees (at about \$150 per toupee) to men who want to look more virile at the beach, and one Dallas wigman says they will soon be available here. Presumably the chest rugs look real and will stay anchored in place even under water.

#### THE VISIT TO LAUGHING COYOTE

Mountain creativity, it seems, has suffered a setback. The Adventure Trails Camp School of Mountain Creativity, Laughing Coyote Mountain, Blackhawk Colo. is a place meant to give city lads a taste of roughing it. Last year the camp received a visit from the state department of welfare to determine whether it should be licensed. Inspectors Wayne Klish, A. A. Graber and Miss Nancy Swank were alarmed to note 18 violations of the Child Care Act (*Minimum Standards and Rules and Regulations for Children's Camps*). "No designated space was provided," the inspectors reported, "for children's belongings." Their distress was not allayed by Camp Director T. D. Lingo's explanation that the permitted belongings were nothing more than a duffle bag, spare jeans and underwear, an ax and a knife.

The inspectors also found structures "unheated, not screened, and probably damp." That was probably true, said Lingo, because each boy built his own structure out of eight aspen poles and a sheet of canvas.

"Hand-washing and bathing facilities consist of basins filled from a tub of water warmed on a stove or open fire. Obviously inadequate," the inspectors reported. Moreover, there was no accredited dietitian. Lingo admitted it all.

*continued*



## Give us a few hours. We can take you back two thousand years.

Back to Rome when Rome meant Caesar.

And Caesar meant iron-proud legions, toga-frocked senators, marble-laden piazzas, fountains of grace, moments of glory.

The spirit is still there. Sometimes in lingering fragments, such as the Forum. More often in unshakable triumphs, such as the Colosseum.

Let us show you Europe the way it was—in ancient Rome or any other time and place. France, for instance, when it was Gallic, Scandinavia when it was Viking, England when it was Anglaland.

We'll make it all very easy.

We have the most flights. We fly straight through to 27 European cities—twice as many as anyone else. And a Pan Am Travel Agent can give you scores of Pan Am Holiday Tour ideas.

And on the way: cuisine by *Maxim's of Paris*, a movie (they're now playing on most of our flights), and the good feeling that comes from flying the very best there is.

A trip for all time. Indeed.

### World's most experienced airline

First on the Atlantic  
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# How good is Ballantine's Scotch?

## Ask any bartender.



BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 40 PROOF. IMPORTED BY "B" BARRON, INC., N.Y.C.

even agreeing that "food was usually prepared out in the open."

The license was denied, and Lingo's appeal is now roughing it in the courts.

#### ROUND BALL FOREVER

From Kentucky comes another reminder that the sun never sets on the basketball season. Louisville's Freedom Hall is already sold out for the NCAA finals next March. Capacity is 18,000 each night of the two-day tourney; 24,000 seats were sold in a sort of mail-order lottery (mailbags were piled up and opened at random). The other 12,000 seats go to the four visiting teams. Sales add up to \$144,000 one year in advance, a bank deposit that will earn the NCAA \$7,000 in interest by game time in 1987. And there are still more than 26,000 requests in those unopened mailbags, with more coming in.

#### BONDS FOR BIRDS

Thanks to Jack Nicklaus, the Masters and U.S. Open tournaments are giving U.S. Savings Bonds as part of the prize money. The Masters (page 36) issued a \$100 bond to each contestant and the Open will award bonds up to 10% of their winnings to the first three finishers.

Not long ago Nicklaus was asked to pose for pictures as part of the Treasury Department's publicity campaign for the 25th anniversary of the savings bond. "You fellows ought to talk the golf people into giving some of these bonds out as prize money," he suggested. Treasury's Raphael O'Malley sold the idea to Cliff Roberts, the Masters tournament chairman, and to the United States Golf Association.

"I'd like to see bonds given out at every golf tournament," says O'Malley. "Golfers have no pension plan like baseball and football players. This could be their kitty for the future."

#### THEY SAID IT

• Frank Ryan, Cleveland Browns quarterback, analyzing his defeat at a parlor-table football game: "I looked through the play-selection cards and couldn't find one with Jim Brown's name on it."

Eddie Stanky, insisting that he had no qualms about becoming manager of the Chicago White Sox although the job had been spurned by other men: "It's like the fellow marrying the girl who had been engaged three times. I feel like the victor."

END

## Trick shot artist hits the no-tricks ball...



Paul Hahn has a bag full of funny equipment — chain link shirts, twice-use woods, foot-high tees. Paul hits the ball on his knees, sitting in a chair, standing on one leg, blindfolded. He hits thousands of balls every year, and he can call them all — low fades, high draws, slow risers. He can't afford a ball that can catch him by surprise, and spoil the shot, or the act. His earnings depend on it. That's why Paul hits all his shots a Maxfli Mile. That's why many professionals say that shot for shot, ball for ball, Maxfli is the most predictable on the tour. That's why we say, you'll never know how good you are, until you play Maxfli. Continuing tests prove, no ball out-distances it. Sold and played by golf professionals. The ball with the shine that's there to stay Maxfli.



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## "WRITE ANY THREE BROKERS —and Merrill Lynch, of course"

That's the advice we gave the other day to a man who couldn't make up his mind what to do about his investments — what to buy, what to sell, what to hold.

We still think it was a pretty sensible suggestion. We don't know what kind of replies he may get... whether they'll be good, bad, or indifferent... whether they'll reflect an interesting consensus or a challenging divergence of opinion.

But we do know that we're quite willing to be judged as a firm wholly on the basis of the kind of well-reasoned reply, geared to his own particular circumstances and objectives, that we know he — any investor — gets who writes to our Research Division.

Want to see for yourself? Just write to Research about your own investment situation and ask for their suggestions. There's no charge or obligation, but may we ask you to address your inquiry to

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Somehow or other, we'll put you in a car.

All of which may make you wonder just how often all our shiny new Plymouths are on the road.

We have 35,000 cars in this country.

So the day that every one is out is a rare day for Avis. (If you have a reservation, don't give it a second thought.)

And don't worry about the car our competition will give you.

It's for an Avis customer and they know it.  
This is their chance.

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If you held on to your GI insurance when you got out of the service, you were smart.

If you dropped it, you goofed.

Uncle Sam was shelling out part of the expense of a \$10,000 life insurance policy so the cost was practically peanuts.

No insurance company—including us—can match Uncle Sam's deal.

But we can give you (whether you're a veteran or not) the next best deal on term insurance.

Let's say you're in your late thirties. Married. A couple of kids. You need a lot of protection for your family right now, but you don't have a lot of money to put into insurance right now.

Well, we can give you \$30,000 worth of decreasing term insurance for about \$14 a month. And, to boot, this 20-year decreas-

ing term policy is loaded with options. It's extendable, renewable, convertible, and then some.

If it sounds like term insurance is our strong suit, it is. As far back as 1931 we were busy developing the best term insurance policies in the business.

And we've sold enough term insurance (as well as other life insurance) to help make us the 9th largest life insurance company in the country.

If you've been kicking yourself for dropping your GI term insurance, ask an Occidental agent or broker about Occidental term insurance. Or write Occidental Center, Dept. S4, Los Angeles 54, Calif.

You'll find it's the next best thing to GI insurance. And nowadays you can't ask for a sweeter deal than that.

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of California  
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# The Strata-Bloc power secret

(Or: How Wilson Staff woods put more distance in your drives)



A chunk out of the trunk of a tree has always been a pretty untrustworthy thing to put on the business end of a golf club.

That slab of "natural" wood may contain any number of hidden "natural" flaws to weaken it and reduce its hitting power.

Happily, Wilson solved this problem years ago by introducing Strata-Bloc®, the exclusive wood construction that bonds together layers of select maple in a single, powerful club head.

Strata-Bloc actually improves on nature: It is as lively and resilient as natural wood—and it is stronger. It is absolutely uniform in balance, density and "feel". It won't warp, swell or split under normal conditions.

And it directs the tough end-grains of wood against the ball for the booming, fairway-shrinking distance today's game demands.

Strata-Bloc is 25 years old this year. It is still the only real improvement in wood head construction since the game began.

Maybe that explains why, year after year, more golfers buy Strata-Bloc than any other woods.



Isn't it time you joined the swing to Strata-Bloc?

You're not really getting good wood on the ball until you play Wilson Staff Strata-Bloc woods.

PLAY TO WIN WITH

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Wilson Sporting Goods Co. Chicago  
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This plaid has everything but wrinkles: Arrow Decton "Perma-Iron." Needs no ironing. Not any. Long-wearing fabric is a polyester cotton blend. "Sanforized-Plus." Your choice of other colors, patterns. \$7.00. Wherever you go you look better in Arrow.

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**ARROW**



# THREE WAS A CROWD

*But the crowd, which had been more of a mob through four high-scoring, hectic days, finally was reduced to just one man. In a three-way playoff Jack Nicklaus proved again that he is master of the Masters* **by ALFRED WRIGHT**

There is no reason to think that 26-year-old Jack Nicklaus won't win every Masters championship from now until the year 2000, but it is unlikely that he will ever have more trouble earning the tournament's hallowed green coat than he did this week at Augusta National Golf Club.

After days of lurching in and out of the course's piney woods, being confounded by the invisible breaks in the grain of its greens and bewildered by its strong and shifting winds, Nicklaus triumphed in one of the most unusual Masters ever played. He did it by making up a three-stroke deficit in the last five holes of play to tie Tommy Jacobs and Gay Brewer at 288 on Sunday. Then he took Monday's playoff and the \$20,000 purse with a two-under-par 70, beating Jacobs by two strokes and Brewer by eight with a display of the overpowering golf for which he is famous.

This will be known as the hold-my-green-coat Masters in which nearly every big name in golf had ample opportunity to win in the regulation four days, but declined the honor. The biggest decliner of all was Nicklaus. On Sunday night when he tapped in a two-inch putt on 18 to get into the playoff

he puffed up his cheeks and let go a great whoosh of relief. "I've blown this tournament three times," he said, and he had. "I play one good hole and then a bad one. I hit one good drive and then a terrible one. I've hit into a ton of sand. I've hit fewer fairways than in a U.S. Open [Augusta's fairways are a mile wide, but Nicklaus needed two miles]. My putting just can't be believed. I don't know how I'm still in the tournament. But I don't intend to blow it again." With that he went home, ate three steaks and got set to feast on Brewer and Jacobs in the playoff.

Brewer, too, had spurned his chances. A journeyman pro on the tour for 10 years, he was one of those perpetual also-players until recently, when he became a habitual winner. All he had to do to win this Masters was par the 18th on Sunday, but he missed a seven-footer to make the playoff possible. Jacobs, meanwhile, held his position by taking some chances and hitting fine recovery shots after bouncing drives off trees. "I told my caddy they never remember who came in second in this tournament," he said. Although the remark was not addressed to him, Jack Nicklaus agreed. It was Nicklaus, not Jacobs, who finally

got enough control of his game to insure victory.

As the playoff got under way it was quickly obvious that Jacobs, at least, was not particularly in awe of Big Jack. He started off grandly with a 25-foot birdie putt to take the lead at the first hole, although Nicklaus caught him on the 2nd with a big birdie of his own. Each played steady, thoughtful and deliberate golf through the first nine holes, and they both finished one under par at 35. Brewer, meanwhile, was fading out of contention. He failed to sink a series of short putts the like of which he has not missed in months—except, of course, for the crucial one on Sunday.

As the threesome turned into the back nine, Nicklaus slowly edged his way into a lead that Jacobs could not close. He sank a marvelous 25-foot putt for a birdie at the 11th and at the treacherous 12th hole he found himself with a two-stroke lead over Jacobs and three over Brewer. It was here that Brewer's day came to an end. He hooked his tee shot into the water and took a double-bogey 5, a disaster that made the bogies of Jacobs and Nicklaus look good. Jacobs held on stubbornly, in spite of missing relatively short putts that would have

*continued*

*Deadly rivals on the 18th green, Jacobs, Brewer and Nicklaus seem cheerfully resigned to Monday playoff as they stroll away half an hour later.*

closed the gap at the 12th, 13th and 14th holes, but Nicklaus was just not going to blow it all again.

At 15, a par-5, Jacobs knew he had to go for an eagle. He hit his second shot high above the water guarding the front edge of the green but he couldn't bear to watch it. Instead, he turned to the gallery for the first hint of whether his ball had carried the creek. It had, and Jacobs had a cinch birdie. But Nicklaus, trifled with long enough, now came up with a critical shot, a 15-foot birdie putt that went squarely into the center of the hole. There was no real chance after that for Jacobs to make up two strokes. Nicklaus, playing conservatively as the twilight faded into near darkness, finished par-par-par and became the first man ever successfully to defend a Masters title. It was dark when Jack walked off the 18th green—the playoff had taken an agonizing five hours to complete—and the unusual scene that followed was in keeping with the bizarre events of this Masters. There on the putting green in front of the Augusta National clubhouse, with the gallery squinting through the night, Jack prepared to receive his third green coat in four years. "I'm sure you can all hear me, if you can't see me," began Tournament Director Clifford Roberts. "At this point, Jack," said Bobby Jones, "you as defending champion are supposed to put the green coat on the winner. Cliff and I have discussed the problem, and have decided you will just have to put the coat on yourself." Which Nicklaus did.

If this 30th Masters championship had a frantic—though eventually formal—ending, it also had a distinctive beginning.

Almost as if it were a ritual, the first day of a Masters is devoted to savoring the warm, moist air of the Georgia springtime, relishing the tradition and beauty of a great golf tournament and watching for the pattern of the whole event to evolve as the players cautiously feel their way through the opening round. But this opening day was different. The weather was cold and annoying, with the wind whipping the Spanish moss off trees and rolling it across fairways like tumbleweed. An "improved" section of the course was out of control, and the only pattern was chaos. Instead of tranquility there was, thanks to Jack Nicklaus and a place called Amen Corner, constant excitement.

In the preceding days there had been much talk about the course. There always is before play begins, but this time there were things to talk about. The fairways were hard, what the players call a "fast track," and the grass on them was unusually long, making it doubly difficult to control approach shots. But the chilly wind was also making the huge, undulating greens unpredictable, which put a heavy premium on getting the approach shots close to the pins. "This is the first time in some years that the course played the way we wanted it to," Bobby Jones was to say later.

Nicklaus was the last of the favorites to tee off. He was depressed and unsettled, for just as he was about to retire the previous night, the phone had rung at his house with shattering news. Four of his closest friends and neighbors from Columbus who had been flying south to spend the weekend and watch him play had been killed when their private plane crashed and burned on a hillside in Tennessee. The accident was to affect his concentration throughout the Masters. He hooked his opening drive badly, but recovered with a spectacular shot and sank a 25-foot putt for a birdie 3. He got a birdie again with a 2 at the difficult 4th hole and again at the 9th. And at Amen Corner, as the 11th, 12th, and 13th holes are called at Augusta, Nicklaus protected his round while almost everyone else was losing ground. He played safely to the right at the 11th green, hit a delicate chip that rolled six feet past the hole and then sank the putt for his par. On the 12th he pushed a five-iron dangerously past the green on the right but chipped back splendidly and sank a 15-inch putt for his par. At the crescent-shaped 13th his drive just skirted the tall trees on the left—might even have gone through them—but landed in ideal position. A four-iron to the green gave him a birdie that put him four under par, and from there he coasted in for a 68 and a forbidding three-stroke lead that threatened to turn the tournament into a rout.

Every time it looked as if Nicklaus might get some subpar company of consequence the challengers would come to grief at Amen Corner, particularly at 11 and 12. Gary Player, for instance, was even par when he got there. At the 11th he hooked a five-iron to the green, and it bounded into Rae's Creek, giving him a double-bogey 6. At the 12th he

pounded a five-iron into the bank on the far side of the green and buried the ball in mud. Of his Shakespeare ball he said, "I could see the Shake but not the spere." At first he thought of calling the lie unplayable and taking the penalty. But then he took a wedge and decided to try to nudge it out and into the bunker below. He could barely see the ball as he stood over it, and he chopped at it like a lumberjack. It popped out of the earth, crossed the bunker, reached the putting surface and rolled into the hole for a birdie 2 that could easily have been three or four strokes higher. "My greatest shot ever," said Gary. "And luckiest." It was also the end of Gary's luck, and not even abandoning his basic black for a white shirt and blue-green pants on Saturday could get him back in this Masters.

Doug Sanders reached Amen Corner one under par and left one over. He bogeyed 11, and then at the 12th his six-iron from the tee was short and rolled off the front bank into the mud at the edge of Rae's Creek. Dressed like a human tangerine from spikes to sweater, Sanders delighted the gallery (and thus himself) by removing one tangerine shoe, rolling up one tangerine pant leg and nearly toppling himself and his tangerine alpaca into the red-brown water before blasting a fine recovery close enough to two-putt for his bogey 4.

Billy Joe Patton, who earlier had run off a string of four consecutive 38 to tie for the lead, hooked his tee shot at the 12th toward downtown Augusta. His ball stopped in bushes 30 feet up a cliff, from where mountaineering Billy hit it down and somehow salvaged a double-bogey 5. Don January lost the tournament lead by hitting into the water at 13. Casper did it at 12. So it went.

Even par after the 10th, Arnold Palmer bogeyed 11. At the 12th, where the wind swirls unpredictably from moment to moment out of the tree-lined 13th fairway, Palmer's tee shot buried itself in a bunker past the green. "I could feel rock under my spikes," Palmer said, "and I suddenly got worried that if I struck down strongly and hit rock, the ball would fly into the water. So I tried to hit carefully and didn't hit hard enough." Palmer's first swing moved the ball only an inch or so, and he finally putted out for a double-bogey 5. He finished with a two-over-par 74.

Palmer later emphasized the critical

nature of the 11th and 12th holes. "There is no way to play them safely. They raised those two greens to protect them from flooding. The work has left the fairway around 11 as hard as the top of a table, so you can no longer play safely to the right—away from the water—and feel confident of chipping close enough to get your par.

"On 12 you have to hit a perfect shot, and then have perfect luck," Palmer said. "I think it is probably the toughest par-3 in golf. Because of the changing winds you have to punch or draw your shot into the green to get safely across the water, and the green won't often hold that kind of shot. The other way is to flout a high shot in there, but if a gust of wind comes up at that moment it will just grab the ball and dump it into the pond. I haven't yet figured out a way to play 12." As it developed, it was the 12th hole that cost Palmer the tournament, for he played it four strokes over par.

Ben Hogan, in his laconic way, said what is probably all there is to be said about the 12th. "There's no point in worrying about it. It's there, and you've got to play it."

The field did play it, but the box score for the first day was three triple bogeys, 20 double bogeys, 28 bogeys, 48 pars and only three birdies, one of them Player's fantastic shot.

Thanks in no small part to Amen Corner, the opening day was all Jack Nicklaus. Reviewing Nicklaus' round, Palmer noted with admiration that Jack was the only player who crossed the pond and reached the par-5 15th in two shots in the face of the angry wind blowing from the west. Said Palmer, "Jack just stood there at the crest of the hill and raised his arms to heaven and commanded the wind to stop while he hit a three-wood over the water."

"Yeah," said Dave Marr, a close friend of Palmer's, "just like you used to do, Arnold."

The next day Palmer began to produce the kind of miracle Marr was kidding him about. It was coming on toward noontime of what was presumed to be the start of the three-day pursuit of Jack Nicklaus when a roar that is unique in golf began to roll across the

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*Nicklaus grimaces as long putt on 18 fails to fall. It would have saved him extra work.*

gentle hills and swales of Augusta National. The sound starts at full decibel, lasts for perhaps 10 seconds and then gradually fades to a punctuation of joyful whoops and hollers. It is a roar that means Arnold Palmer has sunk a birdie putt in the Masters. This was to be the day of the roars.

The first one came when Palmer birdied the 2nd hole. The sound exploded again with another birdie at the 6th. It was repeated a few minutes later from the 7th green, and then from the 8th—three birdies in a row and his fourth of the young round. With each birdie Palmer's stride seemed to lengthen several inches, and for the first time he was showing real enthusiasm for his work. He made the turn in 32.

Up ahead, Nicklaus had just bogeyed the 11th hole, and—improbable as it seemed—he and Palmer were tied. The big lead had vanished: the three-day pursuit required less than three hours. To use the phrase that Palmer himself had brought into the patios of sport right here at Augusta four years ago: the game was on.

One of Palmer's great problems over the past year or so has been his inability to maintain a hot streak for the full 18 holes. He will shoot a spectacular first nine and then falter, or start in a wholly way and finish brilliantly. Some questions arise. At 36, does he have trouble holding his concentration? Or has he lost some of his stamina? He has had, of late, some aches and pains, among them twinges in his hip that bothered him from time to time at Augusta. As one who believes doctors are only for the dead, Palmer has been prescribing his own treatment, which consists of an application of Ben-Gay when he happens to think of it.

Palmer, now tied with Nicklaus for the lead, went down the 10th fairway with booming, twingeless strides. His drive had been a beauty, at least 280 yards. When he reached the ball he pulled out a four-iron and hit his first really poor shot of the day, pushing it into a bunker short of the green and some 80 or 90 feet from the hole. From there a loosely struck sand shot bounced to the left and rolled off the edge of the putting surface.

Now faced with a bogey—maybe even a double bogey—he went to the wedge, which has been the weakest club in his bag this year, bent over the ball and punched it briskly. It bounced a couple of times and then disappeared into the hole for a heavenly par. Standing inconspicuously in the gallery, as is his custom, Winnie Palmer said, "Arnold is trying to send me to an early grave. I think he wants to marry a younger woman."

But not even Palmer could unsettle the pattern that was taking shape in this tournament—one of trouble for everybody. His bad shot on 10 marked a change in tempo, and it was Arnie Corner time again. At 11, a short approach and a weak chip off the hard ground gave him a bogey. At the 12th his low seven-iron failed to hold the green although it was dead on the pin, but this time he chipped within 12 inches and holed the putt for his par. At 13, a 475-yard par-5, an excellent drive left him with only a five-iron to the green. However, to his enormous disgust, he pushed it into Rae's Creek. This meant still another victory for Amen Corner and the loss of the lead for the rest of the day. Nonetheless, it was good old Arnie who, as far as the Augusta gallery was concerned, had breathed new life into a tournament that only that morning had looked like another Nicklaus runaway. "Go Arnie," the crowd had shouted at him along the way, and Arnie had gone his best, shooting a 70 to trail by one stroke the second-day leaders, Paul Hareney and England's Peter Butler, who must have shared the general surprise at their bluff, as it developed, moment in the sun.

"It was," said an irreverent Chicago sportswriter, "the best Good Friday Peter and Paul have had in 2,000 years."

It was also a very good Friday for Ben Hogan, who was playing the kind of golf that the purists follow with wonder. On the second round he hit 17 of the 18 greens in par, the most precise golf of the tournament, and finished with a 71 to leave him only two strokes behind at 145. He was within a gasp of leading the Masters but, come to think of it, who wasn't? Twenty golfers were bunched within four strokes of the top, and the

tournament was a sporting proposition again, thanks to the largess of large Jack Nicklaus, who shot a tortuous 76.

Seven times Nicklaus missed putts of five feet or less. He three-putted five greens, three of them from within 15 feet of the hole. In all, he used 38 strokes on the greens, eight more than on Thursday, and that was the difference between his two scores—68 on Thursday and 76 on Friday. Even so, he finished tied with Palmer at 144. He had played a ruinous round and not been ruined, but he had made it possible for 19 pros to go home that evening thinking "the game is on and I can win."

By the next evening it seemed likely that the only true winner of the 1966 Masters would be the Augusta National golf course itself. The course has a schizophrenic personality. It can be gentle, as it was last year when Nicklaus set a 72-hole tournament record at 17 strokes under par, but it also can be ornery, as it was in 1963 when Nicklaus' winning score was 286, only two strokes under par. When Saturday was over, it was obvious that the course was in one of its mean phases—perhaps the meanest ever. Nicklaus was again in the lead, tied now with Jacobs, whose many ups and downs since he first joined the pro tour



The critical three holes called Amen Corner turned many a superb round into a nightmare. Here at the 12th hole Doug Sanders discards a shoe and his dignity to rescue a faulty tee shot.

in 1957 had recently turned mostly into downs. Their score, an even-par 216, was the highest 54-hole score in the history of the Masters.

Never had there been such atrocious putting, not even during the early years, when the greens were like waxed linoleum. Player, who has appeared in the Masters steadily since 1957, was at a loss to understand what had happened after "playing so well" throughout the first round yet putting himself into a two-over-par 74. "I just seemed to misread so many greens," he reflected. "I can't remember ever doing that before—not that often, anyway."

"These greens putt easier when they're fast," Nicklaus explained after his third-round 72, having missed more short putts in the last two days than he normally would in a season of competition. Then Nicklaus' sense of humor took over, as it always does when things get a little too serious. "Maybe nobody wants to win," he cracked. "It's kind of silly, really. I've had two opportunities to run away with the tournament and blew them. The rest of the field has had two opportunities to run away from me and didn't do it. They say the third time is lucky, so maybe somebody will do it tomorrow. I hope

it's me, but it has been a funny kind of a week."

It must have seemed anything but funny to Nicklaus an hour or so earlier when he was playing the 12th hole—back there at Amen Corner again. At that point Jack stood three under par, thanks to an outgoing 34 and a birdie 3 on the eminently unbirdieable 10th. He hit a seven-iron toward the 12th green and really had no cause for concern since the winds of the previous two days had died down to a slight breeze and the balmy day was ideal for precision golf. But Jack's ball buried itself in the top of the bunker on the hillside behind the green, leaving him an almost impossible shot to play. It was virtually the same problem Palmer had faced the first day. Like Palmer, Nicklaus failed to hit the ball hard enough and it simply rolled to the bottom of the bunker, from where he, too, took a double-bogey 5. One birdie and two bogeys later, Jack finished with his 72. Meanwhile, on the scoreboard was the 31-year-old Jacobs, who, having opened the tournament with a mediocre 75, had followed with subpar rounds of 71 and 70. While Nicklaus was taking 10 strokes to play the 12th and 13th, Jacobs took only six, making one of the tournament's rare eagles on 13.

Not too many people watched Nicklaus and Jacobs play their Saturday rounds, despite the fact that they were near the front of the pack most of the day, for the majority of the people on the course had decided to follow the most attractive pairing of the half century: Arnold Palmer and Ben Hogan.

When they teed off late in the day Palmer stood one stroke off the lead, the aging but ageless Hogan only two. Palmer was quite obviously off form, and he has rarely had such an anaesthetic round of putting in a major tournament. No one, least of all Ben himself, expected any miracles from Hogan's putter, which has been an instrument of torture for him these last few years, but his short game, usually precise, was also shaky. Before the first nine holes were over, Palmer had three-putted at the 4th and 7th greens, and Hogan had done likewise at the 3rd, 7th and 8th. Palmer was out in 37 and Hogan in 38. It looked very much as if neither of them would ever again get close to Nicklaus.

Then, for a short while beginning at the 10th hole, Hogan suddenly was a young man again. He chipped in for a birdie 3 at the 10th and sank a 30-foot birdie putt at the 11th. After a par 3 at the 12th, he hit a marvelous four-wood

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to the green at the 13th that brought him his third birdie in four holes. Now he was even with par, just a stroke behind Nicklaus.

Palmer, with birdies at 14 and 15, seemed momentarily on his way to a charge, but it died when he three-putted 16. Hogan also faltered. He finished with a 72. Palmer with a 73, and they were tied at 218, only two strokes behind the leaders. Nor were they alone. Standing even with the two golfing giants in score, if not reputation, was Gay Brewer, a quiet pro who was about to make himself heard.

Until this year Ben Hogan had never made an appearance in the press room at Augusta, where the leading players are ushered for a formal interview after completing their rounds. Hogan always held his interviews seated in front of his locker, a scene that became a kind of Masters institution. This year, however, Ben broke his own personal tradition.

Hogan was asked to explain his surprising success this year at the age of 53. Was he driving the ball farther? "No," he said. "I think some of the other fellows are backing up a bit." Then he smiled. "Maybe they're getting older. I know Arnold isn't driving it nearly as far as he used to. As a matter of fact, he didn't swing nearly as hard today as he usually does. How about that, Arnold?" Ben asked, turning to Palmer, who had finished his own interview and was standing among the reporters listening to Hogan. "How come you didn't swing harder today?"

"I wanted to keep it on the fairway with you," Palmer replied, and the way he said it one knew he meant it.

Someone asked Hogan how he felt about playing in front of Arnie's Army. "I think they're just golf fans," he answered. "Arnie takes a lot of chances, and that's why they're always trying to key him on to do something that's next to impossible."

Asked to appraise his own game, Hogan said, "I've had my problems judging distance and selecting clubs. I'm usually pretty good at selecting clubs and choosing shots, so maybe it's because I haven't been playing enough competitive golf. And I've had problems going downwind. I can't attribute all that to lush lies. I guess it requires a little more skill than I have at the moment. The fellows who have that skill aren't having the same trouble."

Then Hogan said something that was obviously from the heart. "I want to apologize to Arnold for having to watch me go through the jitters out there on the putting greens. I'm very sorry. I really am."

"Ben," asked a reporter, "are you satisfied with your showing so far?"

"I have to accept it," Hogan replied. "But I'm not satisfied."

Many of the reporters in the room would have been happy to see a Hogan victory, yet they realized the chances were slight; when all the scores were in on Saturday there were still six players grouped at the top, just two strokes apart. One shot behind Nicklaus and Jacobs came Don January at 217, while a stroke behind him were Palmer, Hogan and Brewer. Furthermore, four more players were just one shot behind them. Palmer called it the most unusual Masters he had seen. It was also one of the closest.

The tournament became even closer when Doug Sanders, three strokes behind as the final round began, birdied the first hole. But after that Sanders, now dressed in fire-engine red, was unable to sink the putts he needed and dropped back. As usual, the leaders were paired together, so that Palmer went out with Brewer, Jacobs with January, and Nicklaus with Hogan. Poor Ben. His play for three rounds had been magnificent, but it was apparent almost immediately in the final round that his putting was too shaky to let him win. January also played himself out of contention early in the round.

As Hogan and January were falling back, Gay Brewer went rushing into the lead, shooting a 33 on the front nine. Despite a peculiar loop at the top of his backswing, Brewer, when he is on his game, drives the ball nearly as far as Nicklaus, hits accurate irons, and putts superbly. That is exactly the way he was playing in the final round, working his way to the front and then keeping one or two strokes between himself and his pursuers throughout the latter part of the afternoon.

One of his pursuers was Palmer, his playing partner. Palmer had shot a 34 on the front nine to fall behind Brewer, and on the back nine he was never able to catch up. Palmer came to 18 two strokes behind and in need of supernatural help. It never came.

Not that Brewer didn't give him a

chance. Reaching the 18th green at one under par, the only player in subpar figures at that point, he needed just two putts from 60 feet for apparent victory. He stroked the first one gingerly downhill, but it swerved left at the last minute and rolled seven feet past. When he missed coming back, he sat down among the green-coated officials and, looking like the saddest man in the world, waited for someone to beat him.

The first man to have a try was Tommy Jacobs. Jacobs had been two strokes back of Brewer at one time on the second nine, but a birdie on the 15th plus Brewer's bogey on 18 made them all even. Jacobs came to the final hole, scene of innumerable last-minute disasters, needing a par to tie, and promptly hit his drive with the toe of his club, sending the ball into the rough swale at the bottom of the hill. From there he hit a four-wood he will never forget. It landed 10 feet to the right of the pin, bounded 25 feet up the green, stopped and rolled back 10 feet. He missed his birdie putt, but he sank a three-footer for his tie and sat down beside Brewer to await the hug man, Jack Nicklaus.

Nicklaus had also been two strokes behind Brewer late in the afternoon, but like Jacobs, he birdied the 15th and got even on Brewer's 18th-hole disaster. Just after Brewer missed his putt on 18, Nicklaus hit a magnificent nine-iron three feet from the 17th pin. It looked like a certain birdie and, therefore, an equally certain victory for Nicklaus. But when he stroked his putt, the ball broke sharply to the left, never coming close to the hole. Jack moved over to 18 as Brewer and Jacobs, companions in agony, sat and squirmed.

Nicklaus' huge drive was into the gallery on the left side of the fairway and his approach ran 40 feet past the hole, very close to where Brewer and Jacobs were sitting. After studying the tricky downhill putt for some minutes, Jack tapped the ball with infinite delicacy. Two feet from the hole it was surely headed in, but on the last turn or so it drifted left and missed the cup by a couple of inches. Over at the edge of the green, Brewer and Jacobs suddenly were all smiles. Gloomy Sunday had become Happy Sunday, and as for Monday—well, Monday was another day. **END**

*Gay Brewer stares aghast at the putt that caused the playoff, a seven-footer that missed.*





# AFTER FOSS: A HOTTER PRO WAR

*Calling anew for a merger with the NFL, Joe Foss retires as AFL commissioner. He forecasts destructive fighting unless the pro leagues curb their 'avarice' and temper the frantic pursuit of college talent* **by EDWIN SHRAKE**

With the resignation of Joe Foss and the hiring of Al Davis to replace him as commissioner, the American Football League last week moved into a new era—one that Foss himself calls Phase Two. Although it was his own decision to quit the \$50,000 job with nearly two years still to go on his contract, Foss feels that he was—in a way—a victim of success. "I predicted that when the league got into the black my position would change," Foss said, puffing on a cigar in a Dallas hotel room (right) the day after he had read his letter of farewell to AFL owners in Houston. "The league has come to the stage where problems are fewer and the owners have more time to get into mischief. I have never been a dancing bear for the owners, and never could be. This is the time for me to leave."

Phase One for the AFL began at the Beverly Hilton hotel in Los Angeles in 1959 when the league's founders, Lamar Hunt, Bud Adams, Barron Hilton, Harry Wistner, Bob Howsam, Max Winter and H. P. Skoglund, approached Foss about becoming their commissioner.

"I worked the first six weeks for nothing," Foss said, "because the league had no money. I started traveling around the country. Some of the owners criticized me for not spending enough time in league cities, but I realized that people in the small towns had television sets and we had to have ratings or we could get no sponsors and no big television contracts. I appeared at conventions, anywhere they'd listen to me. Eventually we succeeded, but it was a miracle we ever made it."

Phase One, then, was the pioneering phase. The beginning of the end of Phase One was the signing of a five-year \$43 million contract with NBC-TV. Foss nearly quit as commissioner a year ago, when the contract went into effect. The direction of Phase Two is as yet uncertain. But the exchange of Foss—war-

hero, sportsman, former governor of South Dakota—for Al Davis, a 36-year-old Brooklynite, a fast talker and slick dealer who rose from assistant coach at San Diego to head coach and general manager at Oakland, indicates that Phase Two will be warfare with the National Football League on the basis of slap for slap. Foss does not like intrigue; Davis is a master at it. Foss was made to look silly several times by owners bumbling around behind his back with secret drafts. If there are any more secret drafts—which is very likely—Davis will be in on them. Probably the AFL will copy the NFL tactic of using baby-sitters to hide high draft choices until they can be signed. The prospect is for warfare that will be destructive for both leagues.

"I'm alarmed about this," Foss said, "I'd like to plead with the owners in both leagues not to follow this crazy route of the big bonuses. The avarice of owners, coaches and players is amazing. They're shooting the whole industry out of the sky. The veterans are upset, and should be. Not merging the leagues is knocking the bottom out of the barrel. It is creating problems, hurting the image of the game and causing some people to use methods that are not right."

"I happen to know that in the last 30 days the NFL had a meeting of 100 new scouts to tell them about a program under way right now for signing college boys for the coming season. One of the NFL scouts made the mistake of writing down the instructions, and I saw them. They intend to sign the kids to open, undated contracts that allow them to play pretty much where they choose, as long as it's in the NFL. 'Get next to the boys right now' is the policy. The AFL, I'm sure, is going to combat that plan with one of its own. The NFL is going to wind up being sorry this ever started."

"Last year the NFL spent \$300,000 on baby-sitters. This year the figure will

be more than \$350,000. A merger is the only way to solve these crazy actions. We should take a page from baseball and have one commissioner and two league presidents. Merging, I think, will be Phase Three."

According to Foss, previous rumors that a merger was close had not the slightest element of truth.

"The closest we ever came was a few owners in one league talking to a few owners in the other," he said. "There is no faction in our league that is opposed to a merger, but there is a strong faction against it in the NFL. They feel: Why should they give us additional publicity? They're doing well enough as it is. Pete Rozelle feels that way. He's never made a secret of it. Pete is a fine chap and we've talked over our mutual problems, but he doesn't want to get near us. Of the 15 NFL owners, I would say six or seven want to merge."

The lack of a merger, however, is not what has aroused criticism of Foss. At various times—especially in the past year—Foss has been blamed for the AFL's loss of Atlanta to the NFL, for never being in his New York office, for traveling too much, for going hunting in Africa for a TV series called *The American Sportsman* (on his right wrist Foss wears a bracelet made from the tail hair of an elephant he shot) and several other supposed sins. During that same period he has ceased to be credited with swinging the NBC-TV deal that assured the AFL of survival. Some reports now say that Sonny Werblin, owner of the New York Jets, did the television negotiating—which sounds logical, since Werblin, as former president of the talent agency, MCA, would certainly have had the knowledge and contacts to do so.

"The truth is," said Foss, "that I negotiated that contract myself, all alone. Sonny wasn't there. I talked to NBC,



and they gave me a figure that our people were willing to accept. Our people told me not to push it. I knew my head was on the line, but I pushed the figure forward by \$6 million. At the negotiations I didn't take Billy Sullivan [then president of the Boston Patriots and of the league] or even a lawyer. Some of our people said we ought to do it by committee, but I know you can't negotiate by committee. I wouldn't have gone to the meeting with NBC if I hadn't gone alone.

"The complaints about me going to Africa are ridiculous. I was there 26 days two years ago on my vacation, and we shot all the films in that time. The films have been running for two years.

"The Atlanta deal was something else again. A year before we ever granted a franchise to Atlanta, I proposed expanding to Atlanta and Miami, but I couldn't get enough support from the owners. On my own I went to Atlanta and met with the mayor and Leonard Reinsch [president of Cox Broadcasting Corp.]. We had many more meetings and phone calls, but I was trying to do it quietly.

Finally our executive committee met with Reinsch. The mistake was that Reinsch didn't come with the stadium lease in his hand. I asked him how soon he could get the lease, and he said 48 hours. Meanwhile Arthur Montgomery [chairman of the Atlanta Stadium Authority] or someone called Pete Rozelle and said to get down there at once. So the NFL got the stadium and the franchise. Who dropped the bag? It wasn't Joe Foss."

Foss had some notable battles with every owner in the AFL—which was to be expected. "But they didn't stay mad at me long," he said. "We had our fights in the meeting room and left with a united front. I have fired owners and coaches but never made it public. If I was a puppet commissioner, I'd like to hire a puppet like that. Some owners became irritated because I would never be frightened or directed. I wouldn't call the owners and report to them all the time just to gain Browne points. If I went to a congressional committee I might write a note to the league about it and I might not. I guess I could have

done a lot better job as commissioner as far as the owners and public are now concerned if I had stayed in my office and done public relations work. But that is not in my nature."

The idea of Foss being frightened by anything Bud Adams, Sonny Werblin or Sid Gillman might say about him appears [laughable]. At 51, Foss did 130 push-ups one day last week in a 25-minute exercise session that included a one-mile run in place. In 1943 he won the Congressional Medal of Honor for shooting down 26 Japanese planes in four months.

"I never have been one to worry about myself," said Foss. "I chuckle about guys who didn't know me in the old days. They have the wrong idea of what sort of character I am. I laugh at the coaches, too. 'Joe,' they say—unless they're mad at me and call me Commissioner—'we don't want the lousy press corps in our locker rooms right after a game. We want a cooling-off period.' Well, I coached guys for life and death, not for some lousy score on a big electric board. We were under pressure on Guadalcanal, but as soon as we hit the ground the press was there and we talked without cooling off."

Although Foss and Werblin are friends—it was at a birthday party given by Werblin for Foss in 1981 that Foss broke up a near fight between Werblin and Harry Wismer—Foss was angry about Werblin's comments on moving franchises last fall. "We had always kept that kind of stuff to ourselves," said Foss, "and here was Sonny saying Denver should move, and things like that. It was his statements that made me tell the owners in January to shut up or be fined \$25,000. Bud Adams was absolutely furious at me for three days after I voided the trade of Ernie Ladd and Earl Faxon to Houston. But he got over it. People tell me Ralph Wilson was after my hide, but I consider us friends. A commissioner is the bird who has to do the job and be his own man and take charge. That's what I hope Al Davis does. He's young and vigorous and full of ideas, but he'd better take charge right from the start.

"It's time for me to take a rougher and bigger job," Foss said. "I was getting tired of looking at placid waters. Now that the league is prospering, I'm ready to move on. My mission is accomplished."

END

# ACROSS THE PAST TO MANILA

*The China Sea race pits a fleet of modern yachts against hazards faced by Kublar Khan and Magellan. Carried along by the winds of history, a 20th-century war correspondent forgets the present*

by ARTHUR ZICH



*A family of fascinated Hong Kongs watches intently from a rock overlooking Hong Kong harbor as the boats get under way*

Few yachtsmen can resist the lure of the South China Sea. Capricious as the typhoons that roil its surface, somnolent as an equatorial sun, sultry as a monsoon, it captures a seafarer's imagination in its ageless tides. The soldiers of Kublar Khan sailed the South China Sea to Java. Magellan sailed across it to claim the Philippines for Spain. MacArthur fled from the advancing armies of Japan on the same waters that supported the war canoes of Mindanao Moros, the golden barges of the kings of Thailand, Chinese junks and Spanish galleons, Yankee clippers, salt-caked British freighters and gray-clad warships from the U.S. carrying

home the dead from Batavia, Corregidor and—now—Vietnam.

For me, a reporter who has spent the past 12 months covering that tragic war in Vietnam, the invitation to join the crew of the *Columbine* on the third biennial yacht race across the China Sea from Hong Kong to Manila was as welcome as a breath of fresh air to a man in a bomb cellar.

*Columbine*, a 41-foot Sparkman & Stephens sloop, was designed and built at a cost of some \$40,000 for a bookish expatriate American named Harry Colfer, a doctor who had never raced anything in his life before, much less an oceangoing

yacht. A first-budget sort of man who spent seven years practicing medicine in London and another seven in Hong Kong, Dr. Colfer took many hours off during the last two years to supervise every detail of the building and fitting out of his new boat.

Understandably, since it was mustered in Hong Kong, the crew that Colfer assembled for the run to Manila was a motley of national origins. The skipper, Owner Colfer himself, was a product of Wisconsin and Meowana. The No. 2 man on board, our navigator and sailing master, was a big, husky Dutchman named Constant van Kretschmar. A splendid, stern-

voiced sailor, he was born in Surabaya when the Dutch ruled the East Indies and spent a decade in Hong Kong trying to lose the accent he had picked up in American-run schools. First Mate Frank Rothwell's ancestors learned the sailing business a century ago en route from New Bedford, Mass., to Pearl Harbor. Hawaii Ship's Cook Jack Young looked like a leathery Paladin and hailed from Los Angeles. Mike Lovatt was a China-born Irishman whose good looks were sufficient to get him an occasional job posing for handsome advertisements. Harry Collier Jr., the owner's 16-year-old son, was born in the States and educated in England, while Nigel Kay was, by his own admission, "a true Englishman, if you don't mind."

The plan at the start—there is always a plan at the start of an ocean race, and it always proves futile—was to sail a course about 2° below the rhumb line in the hope that a northerly set combined with brisk beam winds would carry *Colombine* straight to Manila with no further ado. It was rainy and overcast as the fleet got under way, but the wind held beautifully all through the first day. The big South African ketch *Stormvogel*, *Heer Wind II* and *Colombine* were the first off, and the plan seemed to be working fine. Then young Collier, who had flown out from London only the day before, got seasick, a development that soon seemed to infect the entire surroundings. The wind died, the sea flattened, the refrigerator stopped, the engine for recharging the batteries wouldn't start and the door to the head got locked tight with the removable handle nowhere to be found.

At long last Frank Rothwell reenergized the battery engine by hanging it with a hammer, the refrigerator started whirring again and the handle to the head was found in a sailbag. But the wind, which had freshened slightly, moved lazily around to our port beam and began to die again. We changed course and steered due east for the better part of the afternoon, until the sun dropped into the sea with an almost audible hiss. Young Collier became ill

continued

Owner Skipper Harry Collier checks the set of a genoa from "Colombine's" bow pulpit



again. The patent log hung limply astern. Cigarette smoke drifted straight up, and in the still air the flame of a match burned clear and bright without benefit of cupped hands. For most of the night *Columbie* barely maintained storage way. Then about 5 a.m. the puffs began. By half past noon, the wind was up above 10 knots, and *Columbie* was footing at 5½.

"Let her go. Let her run. Give her her head," Van Kretschmar shouted. "We're just about on the line now. The main thing is to sail her to Manila." He thought a moment and went on. "I just hope the others decided as we did, that it was futile going any farther south. Because if they didn't they got this wind before we did."

A few hours later I wrote in my notebook: "So here we sit again." With an almost dead wheel in one hand and a glass of Holland gin held delicately in the other, Van Kretschmar mused as he looked at the still horizon. "The most beautiful night we've seen in years—a night to sit and contemplate your sins."

The ocean was black, dappled with lighted moon pools. Jack Young stuck his head up from the galley and gazed mournfully at Betelgeuse in the sky off to starboard. The boat was silent save for the muted flop of sails and the occasional wad of garbage Jack chucked up from below. "What constellation is that?" he asked. Van Kretschmar smiled. "That," he said, "is the belt of Orion, the hunter."

"O'Brien?" asked Jack. "That certainly is a hell of a queer name for a constellation."

Then suddenly there was no moon patch from the horizon. The sock on the mainmast showed something coming from the east, where the wind should have been.

"Take the wheel," Van Kretschmar said excitedly. "I'm going below for the course. We're going to thread the needle now if we're lucky, boys." The wind surged up—12 knots, 15 knots. As dawn crashed out upon us we stripped and stretched out on the foredeck to bathe in the cascading bow wave. *Columbie* was charging now. The sea raced off our starboard quarter with a rush. The how waves thumped and gurgled to the surface in water a deeper blue than words can tell. The true northeasterly monsoon we'd been waiting for was rising now, and rising joyously. But that morn-

ing, in the fragrant dawn, three ghost-white contrails from high-altitude jets had seared their way across the rosy sky. B-52 bombers, they were, silver and empty, heading homeward to the airstrip on Guam. I'd seen them many times in Vietnam dawn, and once seen they chill the warmest air.

That afternoon the wind died again. The sails went slack, and the sea around us seemed to bubble with heat. A milk carton drifted by. Only *Stormvogel*, we thought, would have enough room for fresh milk. A crushed pack of Salems followed. We doused each other with bucketsful of seawater. An electrifying cold splashed against parched, hot-and-salted skin, leaving still more salt and more parching—but it was momentarily cooling, like a refreshing drag on a menthol cigarette.

That night the wind rose again, but in the steaming forecabin I dreamed of a mortar barrage with explosions more real than the sound of waves beating against the hull. Breakfast of corned-beef hash, with onions mixed in and a fried egg on top, was a welcome relief next morning. We'd been moving about five knots on a faint, broad reach and, as the sun rose, the wind moved aft. Frank Rothwell called for the spinnaker and, as I came up for midday watch, I saw him perched on the bow pulpit, neck arched upward watching intently the curve of the luff. The wind moved into the north—dead astern—and the yellow, blue and white chute ballooned. From 6 to 9 that night *Columbie* ran at 7½ knots before the wind. The following watch had her up to eight. Constant van Kretschmar dressed for dinner in a stiffly starched kimono from Osaka's Hankyn Hotel. Again he sipped his Dutch gin and gazed with relaxed contentment up at Orion's belt. Frank sat silent, cocking his head like a bird, listening to the sound of the wind in the sails. The smell of cooking alcohol wafted out warmly from the galley below.

"Hey, O'Brien," Frank called. "come out and look at the stars." There was no answer. That night there was beef stew for dinner and no bread and the coffee was worse than usual.

Next morning in the glimmering light of the predawn, we saw the first landfall of the Philippines, the mountains of Luzon looming purple and brooding above the silent watchtowers of the Spanish conquistadores. At daybreak the wind

died, but with agonizing slowness it began to freshen again. By 3 that afternoon the anemometer was reading 10 knots, with wind two points forward of the beam. The chute came down, and up went the No. 1 genoa in its place. Now we were homing. Off beyond Subic Bay batteries of 8-inch guns boomed in cadence. Before *Columbie's* bow parachute flares clung to the sky. "Steer for the flares," said Constant. The Capones Islands passed, and in the dark sky a U.S. Air Force jet rumbled high across our bow and disappeared behind the ridges of Subic Bay. The wind was building—18 to 20 knots. *Columbie* was bucking along at seven.

I went below and slept a contented hour. When I came up Batavia was still before us. Then, as the light hove into sight, a report on the quarter sounded like an M16 rifle firing off. The shackle pin at the clew of the mainmast had parted, leaving a big triangle of sail slanting about in the 30-knot blow with a heavy bronze ring in its teeth. After considerable heaving and grunting we got it under control, tacked a reef in the main and doused the big genoa. A few hours later, as the sun broke behind Corregidor, we had tacked over and were running for the line. Thanks to the shrewd navigation of Constant van Kretschmar, only one boat, *Stormvogel*, had beaten us to it.

When all the mathematics were done we found we were not only second over the line, but second on corrected time, as well. *West Wind II*, a 19-year-old Rhodes 27, had beaten us by 1 hour 28 minutes and 33 seconds for the 631-mile course. The margin might have been less but for the fact that Dr. Colfer, whose enthusiasm sometimes exceeds his skill, kept *Columbie* sailing along the finish line for a good three minutes without crossing. "Put her up, man. Put her up," the weary crew screamed at him as he kept her head off the gusty 30-knot wind. "I don't want to pinch her," Colfer replied. "Good God, man!" Van Kretschmar screamed back at him, "You're on the line now. All you have to do is put her over!"

At long last our helmsman got the point, luffed the big sloop up to windward just long enough to cross the line, and the horn on the destroyer that was serving as committee boat let out a blast. For those of us on *Columbie*, at least, the long race to Manila was over.

END

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**BASEBALL**  
**1966**  
NATIONAL LEAGUE

# WHOSE TURN IN THE FRATRICIDAL NATIONAL?

*Only five seasons back, the Philadelphia Phillies and their manager, Gene Mauch (left), were the doormats of the most competitive league in professional sports. Two years ago they almost won the pennant. Last year they faltered, but off-season trades changed the Phillies radically and now they are challenging the National League once again*

Every April people reexamine the National League and assume that it cannot possibly do again in a new season what it did so extravagantly in the old one. Three times in the last four years National League pennant races have gone down to the next to last day, the last day or into a playoff. Balance is the basic reason for this, along with the fact that everyone from Warren Crandall Giles to the bat boy for the Mets believes in the National League mystique. Consider the words of Maury Wills, the captain of the World Champion Dodgers, just after his team won last year's World Series: "It is an honor to play in the World Series and win," Maury said, "but the greatest feeling of all comes when you win a National League pennant." Gene Mauch, the manager of the Philadelphia Phillies, says, "A pennant race in this league is often decided by half a man."

On the pages that follow you can read about your favorite team and make up your own mind about who will do what this season. But remember that no National League team enters the season with an established fourth starting pitcher. This could make things very wild for the first few weeks. (The last few weeks are wild enough anyway.) There are other stimulating factors. Leo Durocher is in action again, so no matter where the Cubbies of Chicago finish they are going to finish loud. Drysdale and Koufax, who were out to lunch for a while, are back. People will be bunting on Drysdale this year, testing the knee that had him floundering around late last season. The Mets, bless 'em, can field an All-Star infield that dates from 1956 to 1965, and nobody nowhere never had nothing like that before. The Pirates are talking pennant, but talk is *who*? How long, oh great and noble Willie Mays, wilt thou go on? Better get ready for the Astrodome again. Remember last year, when outfielders couldn't catch the ball because the sun kept shining through the ceiling? Well, they have messed around with the floor this time and put down something called Astroturf—which seems to be derived from Silly Putty. They say balls bounce around like crazy. Hickman

in the infield. Judge Roy Hofheinz, the biggest major-astrodomo of them all, had it manufactured—or maybe he knitted it—thus proving that having failed to move heaven last year he is now taking a real good shot at earth. The Cardinals are going to run. Wait, wait, wait. The Cardinals are going to try to run. (But don't laugh at their pitching—yet.) Milwaukee is going to play in Atlanta, because Atlanta played in Milwaukee last year. In Cincinnati they say they have "the best team in the league on paper," and I'll bet you never heard that before. You never heard this one either, but any one of six teams has a chance to win. And—look at the schedule—the six contenders bang heads the last week of the season. What a battle royal that could be!

Of the six, the Philadelphia Phillies have the best chance to win. Their early spring-training days at Clearwater, Fla. passed beautifully. Each morning more and more people from Philadelphia, Allentown, Lancaster, Reading, Pottstown and Wilkes-Barre arrived at Jack Russell Stadium and waited in line under the first-base stands until a man in a red Phillie cap opened the concession booth and passed out free four-color team rosters. Those with a sense of history paused before unfolding the roster and explained to friends that just 17 months ago—if the Phils had not collapsed in the last 10 days of the season—that very cover would have been on the World Series program at Connie Mack Stadium. But the folding Phils of 1964 are now just a nostalgic memory and Pennsylvanians have forgotten them. This February and March more Phillie fans visited Clearwater than ever before, explaining and pointing things out to each other in detail as Phillie fans do, warming up their great voices for the spring and summer semesters ahead. Just as they are capable of forgiving honest bunglers, Pennsylvanians are also capable of falling in love with genuine characters, or haven't you heard how hard they tumbled for a nut who used to go out in electrical storms at night with a kite and a key?

Anyone who read over the Phillie spring roster had to smile. It included a Wine and a Boozer; a Wagner and a Wegener; a Jerry, a Barry, a Larry and three Garys; a White, a Green and a Cherry; a Short, Wise, Clay, Cookie. Alphabetically, one of the first places belonged to America's Sweetheart, Bo Belinsky. Everyone heard how Bo arrived at training two days late because on the drive from his home in Hollywood, Calif. (doesn't everyone live in Hollywood?) he got trapped in one of those traditional old Texas snowstorms. The names closest to Philadelphia were there still—Johnny Callison, Rich Allen, Cookie Rojas, Clay Dierker, Jim Brunning, Ray Culp.

There were plenty of interesting new names, too. Dick Great (*see earlier*), a shortstop who seems to have the World Series chasing him around, Phil Linz, the most famous harmonica rascal since Borrah Minevitch, Jackie Brandt, who once watched part of an All-Star Game in the nude; and William De Kova White himself, a man who runs a highly polished trading post right in his locker. Seldom has a club changed as much from one season to the next as the Phillies changed from 1965 to 1966. Now it is a team to build a dream on.

No one is dreaming bigger dreams than Gene Mauch.

When he took over at Philadelphia in April 1960 he was the youngest manager in the major leagues and his hair was black. Today he has tenure on every manager but Walter Alston and the hair has gray highlights in the front, back, sides and noddle. Mauch got the job when Eddie Sawyer quit after Opening Day because "I am 49 and would like to see 50." At his first meeting with the press Mauch said, "It's nice to have this good pitching, because you can usually stay close." So the Phils rushed out and lost Mauch's first two games 13-3 and 8-4. His first two years were nightmares of frustration as the Phillies twice finished dead last. In 1961, his second season, he endured a 23-game losing streak—the longest in modern baseball history—and he would "lie in the dark with a thousand thoughts, unable to sleep for more than a few hours, and when I'd get up and order breakfast it looked like garbage." When Philadelphia finally broke that streak in Milwaukee and flew back home, 250 fans were waiting at the airport and a five-piece band played *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*. The crowd carried Mauch on its shoulders, and later he stood on a flight of stairs, asked for silence and said, "You'll be rewarded for this some day. We'll give you a good team yet!" When he entered his car for the ride home with his wife and daughter there were tears in his eyes and he whispered, "This is unbelievable."

Throughout that desperate losing streak he kept telling people that some day it might just pay off, that the "pressure of trying to win one game to break the streak will toughen them for good seasons ahead." Sportswriters laughed, Mauch's team finished that season with a record of 47 wins and 107 losses, but the Phillies were in the process of building under General Manager John Quinn. The next year they climbed to seventh, and their win-loss record jumped to 81-80. They rose to fourth the next year, and the year after that they just missed the pennant; and now sportswriters don't laugh much about the Phillies. Nobody laughs at them anymore, and this season they are the team the others have to beat. Although the Phils finished sixth in 1965 that means little in this league, where since 1960 two teams have risen in a year from sixth to first, and three have fallen from first to sixth or seventh. To stay in the swing of things, you have to change your act nearly every season or else you get left far behind.

It takes time to recharge a team each spring, fitting new men—even experienced new men—in with the old hands. It takes patience, experience, experimentation, an ability to maneuver and adjust to each day's developments. All through training Mauch watched his players closely, hoping to shoot his Phillies into the season with a flourish. "This is the most professional club I have ever had," he said in Clearwater. "We have guys now who do not just play the game but are in the game. Guys who know how to win. Now we have more ways of winning and fewer ways of losing." He smoked a cigarette and ran his finger over a month-by-month breakdown of the 1965 season.

"The difference between 1964 and 1965," he said, "was that we gave away about 30 games in '65 and maybe only three or four in '64. Gave them away! In 1964 we won 92 games, and we were the talk of the baseball world. Last year we won 85, and you didn't hear too much about us. Yet

that's a difference of only seven games. Look here. In April of '64 we were 9-2. Last year in April we were 6-8.

"This year," he continued, "we have to be ready when the ball is teed up. Last year it got to the point that some guys would anticipate that bad things might happen—and then they did. But now it is different. We can use the hit-and-run now as it has seldom been used in baseball, because we have guys who know how to handle the bat. Guys like Groat and Cookie Rojas don't strike out. When you use the hit-and-run you get the defense running around, and things happen. You can break slumps with the hit-and-run.

"The perfect situation on a team is to have four or five men who are leaders, and we have that type of personnel now. There are so many ways you can use this team—I hope I don't have to use them all. There are six men—Groat, White, Allen, Rojas, Callison and Gonzalez—who have hit .300 in the National League. Richie Allen stole 15 bases last year in 17 tries. Bill White will hit 20 homers and, Allen 20 to 30, Callison 25 to 35. Tony Gonzalez has hit 20 in the past. Instead of waiting for something to happen we can make it happen.

"Sure, I've read about 'Gene Mauch's Doghouse' this winter from players who were traded away. [Pitcher Art Mahaffey, now with the Cards, said, "He beat my confidence down. He ordered me to hit Wes Parker of the Dodgers. I ignored the order and went on to pitch well in relief, and still be chewed me out."] I am not paid to answer traded players back. I am here to win ball games. It's amazing how players scream after they are traded from clubs that had losing seasons. They don't scream when they are traded from winning clubs, because they'd make fools of themselves in front of the whole world."

After the entire team arrived at Jack Russell Stadium, Mauch was everywhere. He played second base between Groat at short and White at first. He hit infield practice and chattered away. He made the pitchers work for hours on pickoffs, on bunts, on covering first base, trying to improve in those areas which, to a large degree, had been responsible for those 30 given-away games. Mauch was injured one day when the pitching machine went off while he was loading it and crashed a ball into his knuckles, but overall he was as happy as a bird in its bath.

When he finally divided the players up for their first intrasquad game he watched from a spot behind home plate. Rojas, the versatile Cuban who does everything but stretch the balls, opened the game by lining out to White, who made a nice play. Mauch smiled. Groat, long famed for hitting balls to right field, came up next. "Last year was the worst of my life," he had said earlier. "I was trying to guide the ball too much, trying to go to right field too often. This spring I'm going to work as hard as possible at pulling the ball." It is hard to believe he would not succeed. Groat always seems to succeed. Asked if he had packed his bag back on the final day of the 1964 season, when it was possible that the Cardinals would end the season in a tie for first place and have to travel to a playoff, Groat seemed stunned. "No, I didn't pack my bag. Until just now I never even thought of it." He asked White, "Bill, did you have a bag packed in case of a tie that last day in '64?" White

gave Groat a smile, "Of course not," he said, "I just had that feeling."

On the first pitch he saw as a Phillie this year, Groat pulled a double inside third base, and Mauch bowed his head and rubbed his spikes over the grass. The rest of the game went that way. John Herrnstein, the 28-year-old outfielder the Phils have been waiting on for so long, but two doubles and a homer, Belinsky's pick-off move worked. Brandt and Allen and Bob Uecker, the catcher acquired from the Cards, all hit on their first at bats, and Adolfo Phillips, the young outfielder with brilliant speed, tripled. Darold Knowles, a left-hander picked up from Baltimore, pitched very well, and so did Chris Short, the left-hander who collects stamps. Jim Bunning sat on the edge of the dugout in the sun and rooted for the pitchers—all the pitchers on both sides. Allen, who was appointed one of the team managers for the game, hollered over to Callison, who managed the other. When his team scored early, Uecker, who can live up a dugout as well as anyone in baseball, shouted, "No way to win 'em all until you win the first one. Everybody else may have to play catch-up for the rest of the year." As Herrnstein's tremendous homer headed over the fence Uecker said, "That will play, sports fans. That one will play." Allen walked up and down the bench, sometimes with his hands folded in front of his chest, other times clapping loudly. "We better win this one," he said, "or I'm gonna get somebody's money! Gonna get somebody's money!" It was an imitation of someone he had heard somewhere, and when someone heard it coming out of the dugout he turned his back and rubbed a big smile off his lips.

Right from that first day the attitude was there, and though the team began losing exhibition games it bothered Mauch not at all. He took to "hiding" Knowles, using him only against American League teams, as he had done so successfully with Bunning in 1964, when Jim had come over from the Detroit Tigers. When the season began Bunning waded into the National League and won nine of his first 11 games. As the Phils lost more games, however, Mauch began experimenting. He put Groat at first base, moved Allen to the outfield, put Tony Taylor at third. After one loss he slammed the clubhouse door, and the building rattled. He sent Outfielder John Briggs to work with the Phillie minor leaguers at Dorned, with the simple explanation, "John Briggs knows what he has to do" (i.e., change his attitude). He brought Briggs back, and the 22-year-old began hitting hard and hustling, and Mauch was happy again. More and more Grant Jackson, a 23-year-old left-hander, looked as though he might be the fourth starter, and Belinsky, of all people, became the hardest worker on the club. When Belinsky pulled a muscle in his leg, Mauch appraised him: "I don't think the average person would give Bo the benefit of the doubt about anything involving controversy. But the way he worked before the injury demands that we let him tell us when he's ready. He was working like hell, not just to make the club, but to be a starter. I'm anxious for him to get well. If I didn't think he could help us, he'd be gone. I wouldn't put up with all the razzmatazz that goes with Bo Belinsky if I didn't think he could help us."

There was concern for Ed Roebuck, the 34- enr/mord

year-old relief pitcher who, though released at the end of last year, has been given another chance to make the team by Mauch, his old friend. After several bad performances Mauch said, "I don't even want to talk about it. I'm pulling for that guy so hard I can't talk about it."

Brandt, who had troubles at first, began to do better. Brandt is called "Flakey," and is rather proud of the name. He has a bad habit of taking three strikes, and after striking out in the 1961 All-Star Game in San Francisco he was taken out of the game. An inning or so later he rushed in a ladder from the shower in the clubhouse to a door in the right-field fence and cautiously poked his head

out to watch his teammate Jim Gentile strike out, too.

Eventually the Phils began to win. The hit-and-run began to work. Groat continued to pull the ball and was enjoying his best spring at bat. The home runs started to come in clusters. White was doing a terrific job at first base, and Allen was hitting those long drives that make everyone wonder just how good he may eventually become. The experimentation over, the maneuvering having been tried and in most ways proved successful, the ticket sales up, the attitude right, the leaders beginning to lead, Mauch headed his Phillies toward the first tee. Fore!

WILLIAM LEGGETT

## LOS ANGELES DODGERS

The Dodgers should have been upset and confused as a result of the long Koufax-Drysdale holdout siege. After all, how can a team properly prepare itself to defend a league championship and a World Series title when the heart and backbone of the team are missing for the first five weeks of spring training? How can a team that depends almost entirely on pitching (despite Maury Wills, the Dodgers were eighth in the league in runs scored) go into a season optimistically when the pair of titans who started 51% of its games last year have had only 10 days of training with the club by Opening Day? Murak in Dodgerdom should have been mighty lost this spring.

But it wasn't. The Dodgers have irrefragable spirit. That spirit is a certain something that all Dodgers have a hand in but which none can put a finger on. "It's just there," says Reliever Ron Perranoski. "Things happen, but we're ready to play."

Rookie-of-the-Year Jim Lefebvre recalls a day last August. "I had made an error against the Mets, and they beat us 4-3," he says. "I was really down, just going through the motions the next day. Then I got a call from Jackie Robinson, and he told me, 'I know how you feel. Don't worry. Just forget it, and go out and play. The team needs you.' I kept saying, 'Yes, sir. Yes, sir. Yes, sir.' And by the time I hung up I could hardly wait to get out there and play." Lefebvre batted .324 during the September surge to the pennant and typified the Dodger attack, for in spite of his .250 season batting average he drove in the decisive run in 15 games. Living off that you-can't-beat-us attitude, the Dodgers came from behind 33 times to win and twice won games in which they had been held to one hit. They took the pennant with a .245 team batting average, a mere 78

home runs and 60 homers. Catcher John Roseboro spent so much time in the wheel-pull machine that it became known as the U.S.S. Roseboro. Wills (who stole 94 bases last year) was plagued by hemorrhages in his right leg and a broken toe on his left foot.

Looking back, Lefebvre says, "I'm not sure how we did it, but we always found a way to win no matter what the situation was." Everyone—from the 4,472,246 fans who roared for and against them, home and away, to an outfielder who had impressed few with his ability during 12 years of trying to get out of the minors, to Manager Walt Alton—had a part in the Dodger success. Lou Johnson, the outfielder no one really wanted, did a fine job replacing Tommy Davis, who sustained a fractured right ankle on May 1. Log was at his swashbuckling, typical-Dodger best in the seventh game of the World Series, when he told Koufax in the fourth inning of a scoreless game that he would immediately hit a home run—and then immediately hit a home run.

Alton, as difficult to describe as the spirit that he helps maintain, emerges as a man who can make a simple reminder like "keep trying" have as profound an effect as an "All we have to fear is fear itself" oration by Franklin Roosevelt. "He keeps the pressure off you," Lefebvre explains. "After we lost three in a row to the Mets in August he held a meeting. He didn't tell us anything new, but it was the way he said things. He was calm. Players who have been around for a long time told me it was the greatest clubhouse meeting they'd ever been in on." It must have been. From that day to the end of the season the Dodgers played .727 ball.

But spirit alone cannot bring another pennant. To win, the Dodgers must get more hits from Ron Fairly, from Willie Davis and Wes Parker (both of whom batted a miserable .238 last year) and from the bench. The bench is certainly stronger than last year, when Alton was saddled with three bonus rookies and got a meager .204 response from his pinch hitters. Tommy Davis will be avail-

able as a pinch hitter, at least until he shows that his leg is strong enough for him to take back his job full-time from Johnson. Davis says, seriously, "I must punish myself physically to overcome my fears, so that I can play by instinct again."

Dodger fielders cut their errors by 21% last season and improved immeasurably at throwing to the right bases and at hitting the cutoff man. But there is only one really outstanding defensive player. First Baseman Parker, if Pee Wee Oliver hits, he will take over permanently at second, with Lefebvre moving to third and ancient Jim Gilliam staying on the sidelines as a coach.

As for that pitching, beyond Koufax and Drysdale are left-hander Claude Osteen (15-13), Johnny Podres (7-6), Phil Regan (11-5 at Detroit), Joe Mosler, who spent last year in the minors, and the excellent relief pitchers, Ron Perranoski and Bob Miller. Perranoski will be able to help out from the start this spring. A year ago he was hampered by adhesions and did not pitch well until mid-June. "Using your arm day after day causes muscle damage, and scar tissue forms over the area," says Perranoski. "Until I break down these adhesions I tend to push the ball. I've already made the breakthrough this year and my arm is limber."

The Dodgers speak glowingly, too, of the young right-hander, Don Sutton, who throws a great fast ball and a great curve and struck out 239 men in the minors last year as he won 23 games. But it must be remembered that he is only 21 and has just that one year of professional experience.

**OUTLOOK** This is a team of delicate balance that had to have everything work right to win by a nose on the last weekend of the season. It is impossible to calculate the residual effects of the protracted holdout on pennant chances this year, but it is hard to see how it can do anything but hurt.

*Base-stealer Maury Wills, here chasing a pick-off attempt, upsets the other team's pitchers.*





## PITTSBURGH PIRATES

The explanation to each of the Pittsburgh Pirates stated that the meeting was being called so that the players, the coaches and the manager could discuss baseball and also reaffirm the spirit and pride which they developed too late in the 1985 season. The reasoning sounded logical enough, although since when did baseball players convene in December—and in blustery Pittsburgh, of all places—to talk about baseball? But it also was a good time to exchange Christmas gifts, and last year the ideal present for the Pirates was a Harry Walker doll—wind it up and it never stops talking.

Manager Harry Walker has an incessant tongue, and he admits it. Last year, Walker's first as Pittsburgh manager, the Pirates lost 24 of their first 33 games and were in last place, lower than—yes—even the Mets. Whereas Danny Murtaugh, who had retired as manager after the 1984 season, always let the Pirates play their own game and rarely blazed them verbally, Walker hounded them. He chattered away, Bill Mazeroski says, about "little things we never heard before, and the guys couldn't understand this."

For a time the situation bordered on a rebellion. Then Walker met with three players—Mazeroski, Jim Pagliaroni and Bill Virdon—and both sides sat down to consider their grievances. "Harry asked us what he could do to get the club going, and we told him what we thought," said Pagliaroni. "He asked us to talk to the players and try to explain to them exactly what he was trying to do. Harry is an extrovert and a perfectionist. He wanted his players to do things even better than what they thought was their best. From that day both sides have understood each other, and right now I'm sure there's more harmony on the club than any in the majors. We're told that the Yankees used to have this type of harmony, and that they'd always get off to a good start while the other clubs were getting acquainted. This year we want to get off like the Yankees used to."

After that 9-24 start, the Pirates won 81 and lost only 48, played just about the best baseball in the major leagues and finished in third place. No longer did players complain in the clubhouse, the ones who did (Dick Schofield, Gene Freese and, to a lesser extent, Bob Friend) were traded. Harry Walker still was gregarious, but he had his players talking and thinking baseball at all times—which is what he had wanted all

along. "That meeting in December helped reinforce the pride we had last year, once things got straightened away," says Walker.

From that crisis, too, emerged the Pirates' new leader—Pagliaroni, a catcher who, says Walker, "is the buffer between me and the players." Although Mazeroski is the team captain, he is a leader only in the sense that he is the best second baseman in baseball and the player most respected by his teammates. "But I'm no holler guy," says Mazeroski, "or one to go in and talk to a pitcher and all that. I just want to do my job out at second base. Pag's the guy who runs the club, and he's just about the only holler guy we got."

Pagliaroni, a sound catcher and a productive hitter, talks confidently about the Pirates and the National League pennant. "I don't know where we'll finish this year," he says, "but the key to the whole season is whether Vernon Law's elbow is O.K. and in spring training Law pitched as well as I've ever seen him."

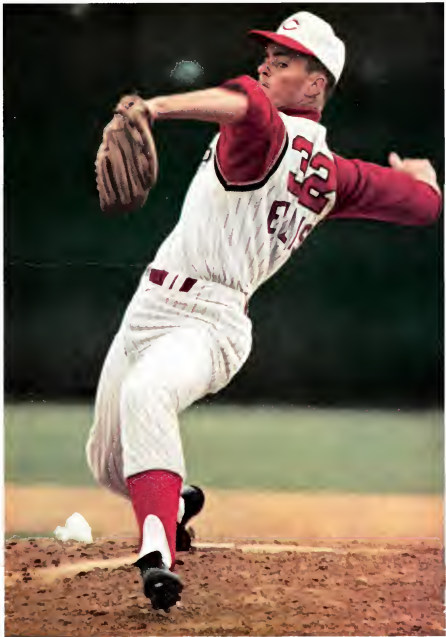
Pitching, or the lack of it, will be the determining factor on how the Pirates do, because the rest of the team is solid. Mazeroski and Gene Alley, the young shortstop, are the best double-play combination in the league. First Baseman Donn Clendenen hit .301 with 96 runs batted in last season, and Third Baseman Rob Bailey, a good hitter, has improved unbelievably in the field. "I used to think you got a pay raise only because of your hitting," said Bailey, a \$175,000 bonus player a few years ago, "but Harry and Pag convinced me otherwise." Bailey no longer trips over his own feet or lets a majority of ground balls get through him or throws the ball into the stands. That will astound some people, but it's true.

Roberto Clemente says he is feeling fine, which is so unusual that some of the Pirates fear Roberto, who seems to play best when he feels worst, will not win his third straight batting title. Matty Alou and Manny Mota will platoon in center field, and Willie Stargell, who has had operations on both his knees the last two years, is again in left. Stargell hit 21 home runs and had 66 runs batted in before the All-Star Game but had only six homers and 41 RBIs the rest of the year. "I put on some weight I didn't need," Stargell explains, "and I was trying to hit home runs. That won't happen again this year."

With Jerry Lynch to pinch-hit, both Andre Rodgers and Jose Pagan to fill in around the infield, and either Alou or Mota sitting down, the Pirates have a capable bench.

Pitching, though, remains a question mark. If Law is O.K. he had winning streaks of eight and later nine games last year after losing his first five starts, then he and left-hander Bob Veale rate behind only Sandy Koufax and Don Drysdale as a pitching entry. Don Cudwell, Tommie Sink continued

No one in the majors prides on the double play better than Second Baseman Bill Mazeroski.





and Steve Blass, who was the International League's best last year at Columbus, are the only other starters, and all three must have excellent years (a total of at least 40 victories) if the Pirates are to make a real bid for the pennant. Pete Mikkelsen, obtained from the Yankees in the deal for Bob Friend, and Don Schwall, who pitched very well last year and would like to become a starter again, are set for long relief. Al McBean and El Roy Face are the best short-relief pair in the league.

**OUTLOOK** There is no way the Pirates can start as poorly as they did last season. If Law's elbow holds up and a Blass or a Sisk has a big year on the mound, Pittsburgh could win the pennant.

## CINCINNATI REDS

It was Pitcher Sammy Ellis of the Cincinnati Reds speaking, and his words confirmed the opinion of most people in the National League: "We had the best team in the league, or for that matter in baseball, last year," he said, "and we'll have the best team in baseball again this year. But the best team doesn't always win."

The Reds did not win anything last year. In fact they finished in fourth place. Bill De Witt, the club's owner and general manager—with the advice of Assistant General Manager Phil Seghi—decided to fire Dick Sisk as manager and hire Don Heffner, the most conservative base coach in the majors when he was with the New York Mets the last two years, as his replacement.

Then he traded Frank Robinson, the team's biggest star, for two pitchers, Starter Milt Pappas and Reliever Jack Baldschun, and a young outfielder named Dick Simpson. Next came a major realignment of the infield, with rookie Tommy Helms taking over at second base, and Pete Rose, the All-Star second baseman last year, switching to third. Deron Johnson, who led the major leagues with 130 RBIs last year, when he played third base, started spring training in left field, came back in to play first base but then was abruptly sent back out to left again. If Johnson does end up at first base, the Reds will further weaken an attack that has already lost Frank Robinson's 33 home runs and his 113 runs batted in. They also will lose the 26 home runs and 104 RBIs contributed jointly by last year's alternating first

basemen, Gordy Coleman and Tony Perez. The Reds, however, do not worry too much about hitting. Last year their .273 team average was only the best in the National League, and their total of 825 runs scored was 117 better than the next-best club, the powerful Milwaukee Braves. The Reds can get along with fewer runs. They are more concerned about a pitching staff that last year had an ERA that was the worst in the league, except for the New York Mets.

"They blamed Dick Sisk for running the pitching, but he did as good a job as possible," says Ellis, who won 22 games last year. (Teammate Jim Maloney, who pitched two 10-inning no-hitters, winning one and losing the other on an 11th-inning home run, won 20.) "Was it Sisk's fault that the bullpen failed when it did, that Jimmy O'Toole and Joey Jay had off years? And I can't count the times I was bombed in the first or second inning. Was all that Sisk's fault?"

O'Toole, who beat the Mets three times for his only victories of the year after averaging 16 wins a season since 1960, seems now to have regained his winning style this body but has been coming through the pitch much too soon) and expects a big year. "Heck, if I had had just an ordinary bad year, say 12 wins and 15 losses or so, instead of that disastrous 3 and 10, we might've won the pennant last season." Jay, who won 21 games in 1961 and 21 again in 1962, has shown no indication of any arm trouble and also seems more enthusiastic about his work. If O'Toole and Jay are indeed ready to join Ellis, Maloney, Joe Nuthall and Milt Pappas, who was a consistent 14-game winner for seven years in the American League, the Reds could have the best staff of starting pitchers in the majors.

The bullpen is another problem. The Reds acquired Jack Baldschun to ease the pressure on 21-year-old Billy McCool, their best short man, but Baldschun has pitched in 333 games the last five seasons—and how much can an arm take? He was hit freely last year, too. Teddy Davidson and John Tostouris (if Tostouris stops throwing the screwball, a favorite pitch of his that usually finds a seat in the bleachers) are available for long relief, along with Roger Craig, who must pitch regularly to be effective.

Throughout spring training, Heffner and his coaches spent most of their odd hours bunting ground balls to Pete Rose, who was attempting to solve the intricacies of playing third base, and Tommy Helms, the rookie shortstop who was trying to become a second baseman. Both experiments seem wise. Helms is expected to make a better double play and cover more ground at second base than Rose, and Pete figures to play a better third base than Deron Johnson.

"I'll make my errors," said Rose, "but I'm going to adopt Rube Allen's philos-

ophy about them. He told me, 'You catch 'em or you don't. Man, don't worry about it. You make your money up there at the dish.'"

Helms, 24, was the most impressive of the National League rookies in Florida this spring. He rarely strikes out and executes the hit-and-run and other touchy plays very well. More than that, he just looks like a ballplayer. "I never expected that the Reds would change around their infield to let me play," Helms says. "I really thought they'd trade me." After talking with Bobby Ruthardson and Bill Mazeroski, the two best second basemen in the major leagues, Helms switched to a different type of baseball glove. "At shortstop you make a lot of sweeping plays, so you need a big glove with a good, deep pocket," he says, "but over here at second base you pretty much get it every ball. Now I've got one of these Bob Dillinger gloves [named after the old St. Louis Browns and Philadelphia Athletics third baseman]. It has almost no pocket, and it enables me to get rid of the ball quicker."

At shortstop the Reds have one of the best in Leo Cardenas. Johnny Edwards will handle the catching with Don Pavletich on hand to spell him. If Johnson is in left, Tommy Harper will play center and Vada Pinson will move to right. If Johnson is at first, Harper will return to left and Pinson to center, and Art Shamsky or Mel Queen, two untested but highly rated youngsters, will play right. Either way, it is a strong lineup. "Now tell me," asks Ellis, "would you trade our starting team for any other in the National League?"

**OUTLOOK** The Reds seem always to have the best-looking team in the spring, but problems have a way of popping up in Cincinnati during the season.

## SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS

Orlando Cepeda is a proud Puerto Rican who, before he injured his knee two years ago, played first base for the San Francisco Giants and played it well. In 1962, the last year the Giants won the National League pennant, he followed Willie Mays in the batting order and posed such a threat that pitchers thought twice before giving the best hitter in the major leagues an intentional pass. Cepeda's knee has healed completely now, but he no longer plays first base for the Giants. At the conclusion of last season Manager Herman Franks announced that Willie McCovey had, in Cepeda's absence, earned the position and Cepeda would continued

*Sammy Ellis is the biggest winner among the Reds' impressive group of starting pitchers.*

have to find another place in the club's scheme of things. He was even rumored to be expendable—supposedly, the Giants spent the winter trying to trade him and his \$500,000 salary.

But Cepeda undismayed, used the time to run along the white-sand Caribbean beaches near his home in Puerto Rico, rebuilding the strength of his knee. He reported to spring training minus 18 of his customary 230 pounds, and the knee was, said the doctors, as good as new. Later, with a white towel draped over his shoulders and an outfielder's glove crammed in a hip pocket, Cepeda perched freely following a workout at the Giants' camp in Phoenix and told of his determination to make up for everything his injury has cost him.

"Not being able to play last year, and hurting all the time, matured me," he said. "I am happy to be a Giant, and I want only to be a Giant. But I have come to play. If they are going to use me just as a pinch hitter then I would rather go home to Puerto Rico. I am convinced my knee is all right. I have put it in every test. The only time I think about it is when I am not playing. I have to be honest and say I would rather play first base, for that is where I am a better player. But if they say play left field, I will play my heart out there."

Left field is probably where Cepeda will play. Without him last year the Giants came within two games of the pennant, and this season, with Mays, McCovey, Jim Ray Hart and Cepeda in the lineup, Franks can expect something like 140 homers from those four hitters alone. That kind of power would go a long way to offset San Francisco's lack of consistent pitching, a club weakness ever since it moved into Candlestick Park.

Juan Marchal, with the high kick and the low fast ball, was 22-13 last year, though he slumped badly after the August bat-swinging incident with Dodger Catcher John Roseboro. Bob Shaw, the No. 2 starter and a determined holdout this spring, was 16-9 last year, but he needed help from the bullpen in all but six of his 33 starts.

The Giants are looking hopefully toward Dick Estelle and Joe Gibbon, a starter who may relieve, and Bobby Bolin (14-6), a reliever Franks wants to start. Bolin and Ron Herbel (12-9) were both outstanding in the pressure of last September, but Gaylord Perry (8-12), who had been counted on, had a bad second half. "Our left-handed pitching isn't good," admits Franks, "and it looks as if we'll be struggling in that department."

The presence of Lindy McDaniel, the right-handed reliever obtained from the Cubs, helps prep up a bullpen that last year depended heavily on Frank Laney, who was 9-3 with 14 saves and a 1.43 ERA in his rookie season. Long, thin Bill Henry's left-handed pitches react so sharply in the Candlestick crosswinds that he is asking Franks

for more chances to work on right-handed hitters. Tom Haller will do most of the catching again.

Third baseman Jim Ray Hart boosted his average to .399 and his RBIs to 96, hit 23 home runs and is solid at third—provided his death board doesn't award the position to Jim Davenport by default. McCovey took over first base early in the season and, by slugging 39 homers and driving in 92 runs, underlined the fact he has steadily when he plays steadily. The Giants scuffled all winter to replace Dick Schofield, who hit only .209, at shortstop. When they failed, Schofield declared: "This team already has a pretty good shortstop. Me. I passed up a lot of good pitches trying to get walks in front of Mays and McCovey. This year I'll swing more—and hit more." At second base 23-year-old Hal Lanier captured the infield and fielded almost flawlessly, but he hit only .226. During the winter he spent a week at Shaw's home in Florida and had the big right-hander throwing to him. "Bob isn't much of a hitter," Lanier says, "but he has plenty of good ideas about how pitchers work on hitters." Shaw said Lanier worked "until his hands blistered."

While Mays will be 35 on May 6—every Giant fan should send him a huge, grateful birthday card—but center field is still all his. Mays is coming off another routine great year (317, 52 homers, 112 RBIs, Most Valuable Player award), and since the only thing he needs is an occasional rest the missed 31 games last season, the Giants picked up Outfielder Don Landrum from the Cubs to see that he gets it. If Cepeda survives in left, Len Gabrielson, who batted .301 in 88 games with San Francisco last year, will go to right and maybe platoon with Jesus Alou, who hit .298. Some outfield.

**OUTLOOK** Cepeda's return could be a great big plus. Hart's expected draft call could be just as big a minus. Whatever happens, the Giants should continue to be a big team in the league, the team the pennant winner has to beat.

## ATLANTA BRAVES

Bobby Bragan, manager of the Braves, was talking about off-season jobs. "Ken Silvestri, our bullpen coach, lives in Chicago," Bragan said, "and last winter he took a job in the control tower at O'Hare Field. Shortly after he went on the job he heard this pilot saying, 'Flight 701 from New York City requesting landing instructions from the tower.' Ken said, 'This is the tower, Flight 701

Proceed to land on runway No. 1. Almost as he said that he heard this other voice saying, 'Flight 701 arriving from Dallas. Requesting landing instructions from the tower.' Silvestri said, 'This is the tower, Flight 702. Proceed to land on runway No. 1.' The New York pilot then says, 'Hey, tower, you told me to land on runway No. 1.' Silvestri said, 'I did? Well, y'all be careful!'"

Bragan, like Silvestri, was busy to the point of distraction during the off-season. When he was not serving as a goodwill ambassador smoothing the way in Georgia for the transfer of the team from Milwaukee to Atlanta, he was busy thinking. And when Bobby Bragan thinks, he really puts his mind to it. During the World Series he paid close attention to the high-speed, freewheeling tactics of both teams, and a few weeks later announced that henceforth his Braves would adopt similar strategy. "We hit 198 home runs in 1965," Bragan said. "More than any other club in baseball. Yet we finished fifth. I would say that we have to change our approach a little. We plan to run the bases with more daring, hit-and-run more often and sacrifice more than ever." At every opportunity he reiterated these points and tossed in reminders that "Henry Aaron is one of the finest base stealers in the game [40 steals on 54 attempts the past two seasons], Mack Jones has great speed and should develop into a sensational base runner."

In spring training, however, Bragan made a confession. "Yes," he said, "I deliberately announced early that we would be a running team. I said it when I did because I wanted the other teams to have all winter to think about it. No, we're not going to do an awful lot of running, but there's a lot of psychology in managing. It's like me betting someone \$10 that I can beat him across the street. He might not believe me. But he's gonna have to put up \$10 to see if I can do it, and he may not put up the \$10."

As a result of this psychological warfare Bragan feels he is, so to speak, in the control tower. He can either order his sluggers to hit away or he can play go-go baseball. As for opposing managers, Bragan has just a few words of caution—"Y'all be careful."

"Those other clubs won't know what to expect," Bragan says hopefully. "If Felipe Alou gets on, they won't know where to play Eddie Mathews. If they play back, he can lay one down and move Alou to second, and then we've got a man in scoring position with Henry Aaron and Joe Torre coming up. If they play in on Mathews, it gives him a better chance of hitting the ball through the infield. No matter what they do, we're gonna be in good shape."

Bragan's players endorse his *continued*

*Somebody behind the plate and rough as hair, Joe Torre is the best catcher in baseball today.*



master plan and, just as important, they executed it with considerable success during the spring. Last season the Braves were in first place on August 20, then folded faster than Bragan's \$10 better. Shortstop Denis Menke thinks he knows what happened. "When everybody goes for the home run," says Denis, "it's easy for the whole team to get into a slump I think that was our trouble. With this new strategy we should win more close games, the ones in which our home run haven't already given us a big lead."

A more diversified offense was not the only byproduct of Bragan's off-season thinking. He also decided to scout opposing clubs all season through. "One coach will scout the club we are to play next and the other will coach at first base," Bragan says. "After each series we'll get a fresh report on the team we are about to play, and that way we'll be up to date on who's hot, who's cold, who's having trouble with what pitches and who's got aches and injuries."

In addition to Bragan's livelier offensive plan and his up-to-the-minute scouting system, there are other reasons why Bobby feels the Braves could go all the way this time. With Outfielder Rico Carty, a .330 batter in 1964, his rookie season, back in shape, and Menke, the sluggish shortstop in the league, healthy and with the acquisition of Lee Thomas from the Red Sox to pad out first base, the Braves have the biggest stockpile of hitters anywhere.

Unfortunately, however, the Braves do occasionally make three outs in an inning, and that lets their opponents come to bat. That is bad, because Braves pitching isn't good. Well, let's call it spotty, since it is good in spots. In Tony Clossner (24-11), Ken Johnson (16-10) and Wade Blountgame (16-10), the Braves have three dependable starters. Clossner gives up a lot of hits and often labors like a plow horse, but he is a bear-down competitor who doesn't quit. Denny Lemaster, 17-11 in 1964 and 7-13 last year, is talented enough to fill some of the space between the spots if he can shake his arm miseries. But what the Braves need most is a right-handed reliever to complement left-hander Billy O'Dell.

Defensively, the Braves are solid, particularly behind the plate, where Torre takes command, and in the outfield, where Aaron Jones (though he was bothered by a bad shoulder this spring) and Alonzo are on patrol. Bragan is blessed, too, with players who can fill in at several positions, a big asset in this day of the 162-game schedule.

**OUTLOOK** Bragan says he does not like to overestimate the importance of a manager, yet this is a season in which he plans to be thinking all the time about which of his battle plans to invoke. And who can tell what might happen when Bobby Bragan spends a full season thinking? First place? Fifth?

## ST. LOUIS CARDINALS

In a box directly behind home plate at Al Lang Field in St. Petersburg is Bob Howsam, bee farmer, ex-Navy test pilot and currently the general manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, who spent the winter trading away some of the most popular and effective players the Cardinals have ever had. Sitting with Howsam were Cardinal Owner August A. Busch, the man who hires—and fires—general managers, and Sheldon (Chief) Bender, director of minor league clubs for the Cardinals. There was plenty of light banter going on in the box between Howsam and Bender, but the guffaws had a strange ring—the *hah-hah-hah*, ha ha . . . , *ahum*, *kiss*.

Howsam had good reason to be nervous. Just two years ago the Cardinals were the best-balanced team in baseball—a perfect blend. They had speed, hitting speed with power, adequate if not overwhelming pitching, and every man was a specialist in his position. But that was not Howsam's team. It was Bing Devine's, and Bing was fired while the Cardinals were in the very process of winning a world championship in 1964.

Then came the collapse of 1965, with its ignominious seventh-place finish, and the way Howsam looked at it, it happened because of galloping old age on the left side of the infield.

"We could stand pat," said Howsam, "and hope that our old players would bounce back. Or we could trade." With that, telephones started ringing all over the National League and before you could say "Bye, bye, Redbirds," Third Baseman Ken Boyer, Shortstop Dick Groat and First Baseman Bill White, all of them All-Stars, were gone. And for what? "For youth, speed and hope for the future," said Howsam.

Hoo, boy! That's courage for you. If Howsam thinks wading through a swarm of angry bees is risky business, wait until Gusoe Busch gets through tabulating attendance figures if the Cardinals bomb out again this season.

There is perfectly good logic behind Howsam's moves, of course. The Cardinals did finish seventh, and Boyer, Groat and White were no longer young though White was not nearly as old as Howsam said he was. Moreover, speed and pitching are all the rage now, and what with the Cardinals about to move into a fine new ball park with a huge outfield, they will need all of the speed and pitching they can find. The question is: Did the Cardinals get it? In fact, a lot of people are quite anxious to know what in the world Howsam did get for his trades.

Well, there's Third Baseman Charlie

Smith. Smith is not fast, he hit .244 for the Mets last year and nobody has ever said extravagant things about his fielding. Still, Manager Red Schoendienst notes that the ex-Met has shown "tremendous improvement over the last two years." Then there is Al Jackson, a left-handed pitcher who lost 73 games in four years for the Mets. "But remember," Schoendienst reminds you, "he was playing for a bad team." From the Phillies came Pat Corrales, who had a reputation as a fine, strong-armed catcher—which should be a comfort to Cardinal pitchers—and a .224 batting average, which should comfort everyone else's pitchers. "But you should see him throw, Mr. Busch," said Bender. The good pitching Howsam was seeking came in the form of Art Mahaffey, a two-game winner last season. "That was last year," said Mahaffey. "I developed a slider over the winter and that should make a big difference."

"Harm," said Mr. Busch. If most of Howsam's new players have a "Who's he?" look about them, the Cardinals may have pulled out a real plum in Alex Johnson, who hit close to .300 with the Phillies in 1965. Holdover Outfielders Curt Flood (.310) and Lou Brock (.288, 63 stolen bases) have exceptional speed and hitting ability, and Johnson will not detract from their high standards—if he decides not to loaf. Though he has yet to put in a full season in the major leagues, Johnson can intimidate a pitcher with his bat, which he holds way up and out from his body. "This guy is a hammer man," said ex-Cub Head Coach Charlie Metro, referring to the line drives Johnson was hitting off and over the fences. "And did you ever see him run?" asks Coach Dick Sisler. "Hot damn."

Primarily it is Johnson to whom Howsam is referring when he says "youth and speed," and while he also mentions rookie First Baseman George Kernek, Outfielder-First Baseman Bob Tolson and Shortstop Jerry Bucher, he does it with less conviction. Of the three, only Tolson has truly exceptional speed, and he will not be a regular unless Kernek cannot handle the job. Kernek found out last year with Jacksonville that a light bat could make a home run hunter of him (19), but during an inspection of the Cardinals' self-building stadium he said ruefully: "I detect a stiff wind blowing in from right field."

With all those new faces around the infield, Schoendienst told Catcher Tim McCarver he expected him to be the field boss, and Tim seems capable of handling things. Despite a series of frustrating injuries, McCarver hit better than most catchers last year (.276) and, more to the

*Outfielder Lou Brock's speed fits the type of offense the Cardinals want for their new park.*



## SCOUTING REPORTS continued

point, he is inclined to take charge. Second Baseman Julian Javier, the only member of the All-Star infield to survive Howsam's winter spruce, is lithe and frail, and Schoendienst will be satisfied if he stays healthy enough to play 140 games or so.

An examination of the Cardinals' 1965 deficiencies shows that the pitching staff gave up 166 home runs—most for any team in the league, a strong indication that the staff was a struggling group. The ace, Bob Gibson, was still Bob Gibson and had 20 wins to prove it, and Relief Pitcher Hal Woodeshack had three wins in his own right, 14 saves and an earned run average of 1.80—all after coming to St. Louis in mid-June. But beyond that pair, nothing very good could be said for the pitching corps until rookie Larry Jaster came along and won three games at the very end of the season. This spring hardly anyone could get a run off Nelson Briles and, at age 23, he looks ripe for a good year. Bad-arm Ray Washburn seems healthy again. After that? There are some fine old names and tired old arms and, well, a surprising amount of hope.

**OUTLOOK** An indication of things to come occurred early in training in an intrasquad game. Pat Corrales whipped off his mask, whirled and raced back to catch a pop foul. He raced too far. The ball landed with an embarrassing plop behind him, not 10 feet from the Cardinal management's box.

"Oops," said Bender.

"Oops," said Howsam.

"Hummm," said Busch.

## HOUSTON ASTROS

Sonny Jackson had lost another game of "base hit" during the Houston Astros' batting practice and now he was stretched face-down on the ground as Joe Morgan started to count for the 20 push-ups. "Get your nose right down into that dirt, Sonny, or else you'll have to do them all over," said Morgan, laughing along with Lee Maye and Jimmy Wynn, the other winners. Sonny got his nose in the dirt and finished, but he was back down doing 20 more a few minutes later after he had lost the next game, too.

The hazing of Sonny Jackson, a 21-year-old rookie shortstop, ended the next day when Sonny decided to quit playing the base-hit game. That saved him at least 40 more push-ups because Sonny is a singles hitter, and there is no way a singles hitter, especially a rookie, can win the base-hit game under the Morgan-Maye-Wynn rules. Sonny knows this now, just as he also

knows he is the Astros' shortstop this season. Jackson will be an exciting shortstop, but he is likely to make a lot of errors. His throwing arm is not too strong and it also seems erratic. "My arm's not a shotgun," he admits, "but the ball will get there in time. I'm not concerned about that. I'm just worried where the ball ends up." Sonny may be Maury Wills' most persistent base-stealing rival, too. "He stole 52 for me last year in Oklahoma City," says Grady Hutton, the Astros' new manager, "and I had the clompers on him."

Jackson, Morgan and Wynn, along with 19-year-old Pitcher Larry Dierker, 23-year-old Catcher John Bolenman and 22-year-old Outfielder Rusty Staub, represent the once and future hopes of baseball in Houston. And this, basically, is what is wrong with the Astros.

"We just don't have a real star," says Morgan, the second baseman who hit .271 as a rookie last year. "On this club I'm as important as the next guy. Sure, it'd be nice when you make a mistake to have someone like Willie Mays hit a home run to make people forget your mistake, but there's nothing we can do about that now."

The player most likely to gain eventual recognition as Houston's first star is Jimmy Wynn, the 24-year-old center fielder who, although he will not admit it, performs with a touch of Mays. He wears No. 24, returns the ball underhanded to the infield after catching a fly, runs with the Mays hitch and rolls the visor of his cap just like Mays. Like Mays, Wynn combines power and speed. Last year he hit 22 home runs and stole 43 bases in 47 attempts, including 20 for 20 against left-handers. This year he says he is going for 60—stolen bases, that is—and will settle for any amount of home runs. "How can you possibly think of hitting home runs when you have to play in the Dome?" he asks plaintively.

The Astros hit only 25 home runs in the Dome all last season, and that figure so convinced Hutton of the advantages of a Dodge-style offense that he has turned Jim Gentile, the club's only authentic power hitter, into what Gentile calls a punch-and-Judy hitter. "But you've got to hit the ball twice for a home run in the Dome," Gentile concedes, "so maybe this is the thing to do."

For four years now, during the tenure of Paul Richards and his managerial puppets, the Astros lost games on the field with young players like Staub and Bolenman, who really should have been learning their craft in the low minors. This thinking changed when Judge Roy Hofheinz gained sole control of the team last winter and brought in Grady Hutton as manager. "Now it's *continued*

*The Astros' first star might be Jimmy Wynn, a power hitter with a knack for stealing bases.*









time to come up with a ball club," says Hatten. "If someone's on the team, then he'll be good enough to play, because we've already proved that you can lose with anybody."

Bateman is perhaps the best example of the development program phased out along with Richards. "My first year in baseball I happened to hit a few home runs," he says, "and this went to some people's heads. So they brought me up. I was too young and knew it, but I couldn't do anything about it. When I didn't do the job people started to wonder. But I wasn't ready. I used to go around shooting off my mouth in the clubhouse and on the field and, well, just about everywhere. That's changed now." The Astros farmed Bateman to Oklahoma City last year, and Hatten settled him down with a few fires. "He was just a big kid," says Grady. "He's grown up now."

"Bateman could be the key man on our club," says Morgan. "He does things that keep us all awake. He caught our 10-game winning streak last year."

The Astros have a respectable pitching staff with Dick Farrell, Bob Bruce and Dierker, who may be the best young pitcher in the league, as defense starters, and Robin Roberts, Claude Raymond, Dave Givens, Danny Coombs and Chris Zachary looking for the other two starting assignments. Bobby Aspromonte plays third—and plays it well. Unlike the Astros can secure a right-handed hitter in a trade, Lee Maye will play left field again with Staub in right.

**OUTLOOK** Staub sums up the Astros' situation rather well. "You know," he says, "more than 190 million people saw our games last year in the Astrodome. But do you think they come to see us or the Dome?"

And having seen the Dome, and the team, will they come back again this year?

## CHICAGO CUBS

His bold head (tanned and glistening in the morning sunlight, Leo Durocher was out there at first base, showing half a dozen Chicago Cub players how to lead off—and get back to—first base. "We will," he said, "be daring."

Later he stood behind the batting cage, his hands on his hips. "We will hustle. We will bust, drag, run—and we won't run scared." Before the game began, he sat in the cement dugout and said, "We'll have hungry play-

ers, too, players who come to play no matter what you pay them."

Under this brand of leadership—aggressive, forceful, positive, and maybe a little cliché-ridden—the Chicago Cubs, 19 straight years in the National League's second division, could not wait for the season to open before they started doing things better. They began in spring training. Pitchers raced from the mound to back up third base and home plate. Outfielders fielded and then threw hard and low back to the infield, so that the ball could be cut off if the situation said it should be. On hits to right field, base runners on first raced past second with third—or maybe even home—in mind. The Cubs, fat, complacent, satisfied and awful for 15 years, were suddenly spirited and determined. They reflected Durocher.

"I've been with this club for five years now," says Ren Santo, the captain of the Cubs, "and I've never seen it with the confidence and desire it has now. And it's all because of the Man."

The Man inside the Chicago Cubs is better than an eighth-place team. "There's too much talent scattered among the personnel," he says. "What has been beating this club is simple, stupid mistakes and a lack of confidence. I'm here to get rid of the mental errors and get 25 men believing they can win." And because this attitude has caught on among the old as well as the young members of the club, the team will win more games—not enough for the first division, but enough to make Wrigley Field a lot more exciting than it has been for too long a time.

The Cubs have four pitchers who have been 20-game winners at least once in their careers. Right-hander Ernie Broglio (21-9 in 1960) began throwing last January, after he found out he would be working for Leo Durocher, and hasn't stopped. "He was the most pleasant surprise of the spring," says Leo Broglio, 30, is recovered from an elbow operation and is again throwing his best pitch, the fast ball. Then there are 34-year-old right-hander Larry Jackson (24-11 in 1964) and 26-year-old left-hander Dick Ellsworth (22-10 in 1963), who, according to Leo, "is just about the best lefty in the league outside of Koussis." Bob Buhl, another right-hander, is 37 and has won 100 big league games (though never 20 in any one year); he is a natural low-ball pitcher who could benefit from Chicago's marked improvement around second base. Summaring 33-year-old Ted Abernathy (appeared in 84 games in relief last year, a major league record, and had a 2.58 earned run average) and junk-baller Billy Hoelt (20-14 in 1958, and also 33—the Cub pitching staff is a bit long in the tooth) are in the bullpen. Left-hander Bob Hendley may alternate with Bill Faut and Bill Hands in the fifth spot in the starting rotation. Durocher also is looking for a left-handed reliever.

For the first time in years Cub pitchers can get up a base hit now and then without assuming the runner will steal second base before five pitches have been thrown to the next batter. Durocher, bent on getting a solid defensive catcher with a good arm, did just that when the Cubs obtained 23-year-old Randy Hundley from the Giants. "That kid," says Pitching Coach Freddy Fitzsimmons, "has the best arm I've seen since Gabby Hartnett." To the surprise of everyone except, perhaps, Durocher, Hundley also hit with authority throughout the spring, and already figures prominently in the future of the Cubs.

The bulk of Cub runs will be scored by or batted in by three hitters—Santo, Billy Williams and Ernie Banks—who combine to make the middle of the Chicago order as formidable as any in the league, including San Francisco and Atlanta. Santo, the best third baseman in the league, last year hit 31 homers, drove in 101 runs and batted .285. As Leo, searching for a new phrase, says, "He's my type of ballplayer." Williams, the lithe, 175-pound right fielder, has had five good years in a row with the Cubs. His fluid, left-handed swing accounted for 34 home runs, 108 RBIs and a .315 batting average. "I wouldn't trade him for four Frank Robinsons," says Durocher. As for Ernie Banks, "He'd pay me to play," says Leo admiringly. The first baseman, 35 now, hit 28 homers and drove in 106 runs in 1965.

Building up around this core is Durocher's immediate problem. He has one of the National League's best double-play combinations in Glenn Beckert at second and Don Kessinger at short, but neither is particularly accomplished at the plate, though Beckert hit safely in 18 of Chicago's last 20 games in 1965. Kessinger is the latest holding Cub shortstop in years, so he can get away with some inconsistency with the bat.

In left field it will be George Altman or Wes Covington with Harvey Kuenn in reserve. All can hit, but their holding is unimpressive. Altman needs a prod, however, and one from Durocher might make him the player the Cardinals and Mets hoped he would turn out to be. Covington, with a .282 lifetime average, was slated to leave Gene Mauch at Philadelphia and says he is anxious to play for Durocher. Kuenn, now wearing gloves to improve his depth perception, provides Chicago with a dangerous late-inning pinch hitter.

Byron Browne, a 23-year-old rookie who hits with power, is fast and possesses a strong, accurate arm. He will start in center field and stay there as long as his line drives and home runs of the spring continue. Ty Cline, who doesn't hit long fly balls but can chase them with the best, will back him up.

**OUTLOOK** A lot of hits and a lot of runs for both sides, and a lot of fun with Leo,

*Ren Santo, the league's best third baseman and a power hitter, is Leo's type of player.*



dashingly  
different  
on  
every man



**BLACK WATCH**

The Masculine Scent  
By PRINCE MATCHABELLI

## SCOUTING REPORTS

### NEW YORK METS

Bliss, beach-stead seats of Las Vegas, the ones who study chicken entrails on the eve of battle, noted with justifiable alarm last winter that the lovable, laughable awful New York Mets, the team that has managed to keep its devotees in a continuous state of happy agitation by finishing 10th for four straight years and losing 452 games in the process, have suddenly taken on a most uncharacteristic look. There is pure professionalism, if slightly aloof, competence on the left side of the infield, young raw power in the outfield, a catcher with a future and a pitching staff that may get through the season collectively on a single double-street razor blade.

Confronted with such a situation, one of the goats who make the winter bank suggested that the Mets have one chance in one hundred of winning the National League pennant, and if that seems like a long shot, don't knock it. Last year the Mets reared off at 200 to 1. "I'm mad about them," says their deposed king, Casey Stengel. His successor, Wes Westrum, regent last year but manager in his own right this time around, has the haunted look of a man who is expected to win as many as 70 games—all in one season. And yet he says, "Why not?"

Why not indeed? There stands Kent Hoyer at third base, at this time last year the league's reigning Most Valuable Player. The St. Louis Cardinals may have said little to his .260 batting average and 75 RBIs in 1985, but for a team that has had far less glory than the Cardinals, those figures are downright Ruthian. The Met executive types will talk smooth, experienced holders who can fit with power any time they appear on the open market.

The fact that Hoyer is 34 years old is only slightly disconcerting to the Mets, who had promised their drafting fans bigger and better things by steering the young and the eager. In fact, the Mets are not even embarrassed by losing Roy McMillan at shortstop, and Roy is a year older than Hoyer. Both of them know what to do before, during and after a ball is hit. Moreover, they do it well, which is pretty handy stuff for Met fans who remember infielders throwing the ball in completely improbable directions, like to Marty Thornton, even.

The Mets struck another blow for the social security set by dealing for 33-year-old Dick Stuart, an appealing conversationalist who is good for all kinds of laughs and whose approach to holding a ball at first base is downright bizarre but who is also capable of hitting 40 home runs a year.

It was no doubt, this elderly look that got the Vegas odds at 100, but for those who still yearn for the wildly unpredictable, the fun and frolic, and pure excitement that comes with untrained youth, well, the Mets have plenty of that, too. Ted Koppel is 21 and he started off last year in such grand style he was named to the All-Star squad. Then his average began to plunge. Ah, youth. Koppel is still quite a good first baseman, but Seaver seems to have made a platooning outfielder of him. Ron Swoboda, 21, hit more home runs (89) than any other Met rookie ever has, which was gratifying, and in the field often ran directly to where the ball wasn't quite where he believed.

For pitching the Mets' youth-on-parade includes the likes of Frank McGraw, known affectionately as Tug, who won't be 22 until August. This does not keep him from being considered the best left-hander on the roster. Another pitcher shut out years but long on talent is Dick Selma, 22. And there are Bob Cardner, 21, Larry Beaverton, 24 and other splendid young men who do amazing things. I spent the Mets' veteran starter Jack Fisher is only 27.

If all this seems a terrific hair-raising bang on, The Mets hope that their No. 1 catcher, who seems soon will turn out to be a stocky fellow with blond curls has named Greg Gosselin, and he can't vote, either. The unlikely situation of a 20-year-old kid catching regularly for a major league team had its origin when Westrum, then a Met coach, spotted Gosselin romping for a Los Angeles Dodgers rookie team. When the Dodgers failed to promote Gosselin from the player draft, the Mets grabbed him. A year at Auburn, N.Y. is not much of an apprenticeship, but when the young catcher hit .305 there with 24 home runs, the temptation to rush him along was irresistible, for if there is one thing the Mets need most, it's a catcher. Unfortunately, Gosselin showed little this spring and the Mets still need help behind the plate.

One thing the Mets do not need is a second baseman. In Ron Hunt, they have one of the best in the business. Hunt's only real weakness is his complete refusal for speeding base runners. That dislodged cost him last May, when he came out of a collision with a dislocated shoulder and was sidelined most of the year. The wound has mended, but Hunt's inclination to step aside from suicidal encounters has not thawed in the slightest. Still, Westrum is perfectly willing to take Hunt on his own terms. "A few more like him," the manager says, "and the old Mets could beat anybody."

**OUTLOOK** Brighter, much brighter. The Mets may be the most improved team in the majors. Keep in mind, though, they have to improve 15 full games before they can catch even the ninth-place Astros.

CONTINUED

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## "...Hope's swing is right out of Joe Miller"

Jackie Burke's caddy (the fellow on the left) stars in the dramatic new 20th Century-Fox release "Stagecoach".



**CROSBY:** It's a great start, Jack, though maybe we'd have had more competition if Johnny had played with Smokey the Bear.

**BURKE:** Don't you think you're being a little hard on Bob, Bing?

**CROSBY:** Maybe I am. After all, you've got to have some talent to start with. And Hope's swing is right out of Joe Miller.

**BURKE:** But Bob had a lot of bad luck today. He kept hitting into the rough.

**CROSBY:** Didn't you know, Jack? Our friend with the nasal upsweep is the only golfer in history to carry a machete in his bag. He spends so much time in the rough, he uses sugar cane cutters for caddies.

**BURKE:** I thought Bob got out of the traps very well, though.

**CROSBY:** Only when we couldn't see him do it, Jack.

**BURKE:** You don't think Bob would use a hand wedge do you, Bing?

**CROSBY:** I won't say he did, Jack, but next time we play, I want Bob's ball dusted for fingerprints after each shot.

**BURKE:** Anyhow, Bing, this is one time we played as good as we look. That style 2870 Grand Slam golf shirt by Munsingwear suits you to a tee. It's Vycron® and cotton mesh knit, isn't it?

**CROSBY:** And I thought you were supposed to handle the straight lines! Yep, it's Vycron® and cotton mesh knit, all right... and may I say you look mighty fetching in that little Munsingwear number you're wearing. Another 2870, if my eyes don't play me false.

**BURKE:** You seem to know all the good numbers, Bing.

**CROSBY:** Please! My wife could read this! **BURKE:** What's the next match, Bing?

**CROSBY:** Dow Finsterwald and I team up against Rheumatic Robert and Johnny Pott.

**BURKE:** That ought to be worth seeing.

**CROSBY:** If you like comedy golf, stay with Hope's gallery.

Bing and Jackie swing in

**Vycron®**

Style No. 2870—\$5.00

\* Reg. U. S. Pat. & Trademark.

# "Crosby's footprint was ... on top of my ball"

Johnny Pott's handicap stars on "Bob Hope Presents" every Wednesday at 9:00 P.M. (EST) on NBC-TV.

**HOPE:** Some game! That Crosby makes the Cosa Nostra look like choirboys!

**POTT:** Come on, Bob, they beat us fair and square!

**HOPE:** The only squares out there were us! Did you see that Crosby improve his lies?

**POTT:** No, Bob. Bing wouldn't do a thing like that.

**HOPE:** He wouldn't, huh? Crosby's the only guy I know who uses a riding lawnmower for a golfcart.

**POTT:** Bing was very nice about helping you look for your ball in the rough.

**HOPE:** Yeah! Every time I found it, Crosby's footprint was right on top of my ball.

**POTT:** You did better on the back nine.

**HOPE:** That was after I got used to Crosby jangling his pocket change just before I swung. With Crosby's money, that's deafening.

**POTT:** I still think you're taking this too seriously, Bob.

**HOPE:** I just resent being used. Wouldn't you be sore if a guy from the Internal Revenue Service kept telling you not to upset their best customer?

**POTT:** Well, Bob, at least you lost "in handsome fashion".

**HOPE:** If you mean this style 2833 Munsingwear Grand Slam golf shirt, it's the only worthwhile thing about the whole day. Don't you dig the fit of that "Texspand" stretch knit? I'll bet even Crosby'd look good in this!

**POTT:** I'm a 2833 man myself, Bob. I feel so good in it, I won't even blush when I turn in our scorecard.

**HOPE:** Trust you to ruin a beautiful mood.

**POTT:** I hope you and I have better luck against Bing and Dow Finsterwald.

**HOPE:** It won't be luck, Johnny. I'm going to keep Crosby honest if I have to use J. Edgar Hoover as marshal for the match!

Bob and Johnny are both wearing  
Style No. 2833—\$4.00

MUNSINGWEAR makes the  
socks to color coordinate  
with the shirts!

Style No. 400—\$1.50



Munsingwear





BASEBALL

1966

AMERICAN LEAGUE

# THINGS ARE LOOKING UP FOR THE AMERICANS

*The American League rebelled against the New York Yankees last season, bringing their once-proud master down into the pack, and now they're gunning for the rival National League. One reason for optimism is a bevy of exciting young stars. Another is the rise of such teams as the once-hitless Baltimore Orioles, who now seem all muscle*

This season the American League will continue its budding renaissance, the beginning of a return to past glories. Long accused of being moribund, inferior to the National League and far too dependent on the New York Yankees for its life's blood, the league should show a rich depth of competition, a rising level of playing skill and a higher gate attendance right down the line. The league appears to be entering a period similar to that of 1946-51 when—despite four Yankee victories in six years—there was fierce competition for the pennant, every team got into the first division, and the league drew a total of 60 million people.

Oh, there are problems still hanging around from the long era of Yankee ascendancy that ended with a whimper last year, but only a sudden and highly unlikely return to absolute domination by the Yankees can spoil the promise of a bright future. The new, deep, far-ranging competition—any one of six teams could win the pennant this season without its being considered an upset—comes at exactly the right time. Last year the National League, although burdened by the lame-duck situation in Milwaukee, outdrew the American League by 4,700,000 paid attendance, which is a money differential of more than \$10 million.

But in spring training this year the American League won just about as many interleague exhibition games as the National did, and though such games are dismissed as mere window dressing, it is significant that the Nationals had been racking up the Americans consistently in recent springs. Impressive young stars like Sam McDowell, 23, Tony Conigliaro, 21, Tony Oliva, 24, Curt Blefary, 22, Bert Campaneris, 24, Zoilo Versalles, 25, and Willie Horton, 23, dot American League rosters. The bum, the steal, the hit-and-run—exciting offensive devices normally associated with the National League—are being employed by American League teams. The Americans seem to be saying, "If you can't beat 'em, hire 'em." Eight of the 10 American League managers (Eddie Stanky of Chicago, Gil Hodges of Washington, Alvin Dark of Kansas City,

*continued*

Bill Rigney of California, Budie Tephets of Cleveland, Charley Dresen of Detroit, Johnny Keane of New York and Billy Herman of Boston) have National League backgrounds as players, managers or executives.

There are lots of things to look forward to as the season begins. How good, really, is McDowell, and will he ever put together a winning streak as long as his sideburns? Sam has struck out 502 men in 446 innings in his first two full years in the majors, another Cleveland pitcher, Bob Feller, struck out only 390 in 427 innings in his first two full years (Yep, oldtimer, the hitters aren't what they used to be.) If Oliva should lead the league in hitting again he will join Ty Cobb, Honus Wagner, Rogers Hornsby and Stan Musial as the only hitters in major league history to win three straight batting championships—and this in his third year in the majors. (Yep, the pitchers aren't as good as they used to be.) Campers may become the first American Leaguer in half a century to steal 70 bases. The new stadium in Anaheim gives Rigney's improving young Angels a genuine identity for the first time since they entered the league in 1961. And just imagine a season in which the Boston Red Sox say they are going to try.

No team will be more interesting to watch than the Baltimore Orioles, who swung the biggest trade of the off season when they sent Milt Pappas, the winningest pitcher in Baltimore's history, to the Cincinnati Reds for Frank Robinson. In 10 seasons at Cincinnati, Robinson averaged 32 home runs a year, 101 runs batted in, 104 runs scored, a .303 batting average. The oddsmakers are so impressed with his ability that they make the Orioles the favorites to win this year's pennant—despite the disturbing fact that Pappas' departure leaves Manager Hank Bauer without a truly reliable starting pitcher. But Robinson is undeniably the finest player ever traded in his prime from one league to the other, and the new Oriole batting order, with Brooks Robinson, Boog Powell and Curt Blefary supporting Frank, is an old-fashioned Murderers' Row. More than that, Frank Robinson is a stimulating player who makes things happen. His hard sliding precipitates fights, and his batting stance, with that left foot no farther than two or three inches from the plate, tempts pitchers to throw at him. National League teams learned, however, that throwing at Robinson is the wrong way to handle him, because when he is knocked down he becomes angry, and when he becomes angry he can be more of a threat at the plate than Willie Mays or Henry Aaron. Some National League managers slapped 550 lines on pitchers who were foolish enough to hit him.

■ Robby Brooks, the original Oriole hero—is the best third baseman in baseball. All things considered, and Luis Aparicio, if he can shrug off last season's .225 average, is close to being the best shortstop. Add Boog Powell at first base (where he is a lot more adept than he is in left field) and Jerry Adair at second, and you have a solid, veteran infield, maybe the best in the majors. With I. Robby in left joining Paul Blair in center and Blefary in right, the outfield is pretty sharp, too. Remember that Sam Bowens, a rookie sensation two years back, is sitting on the bench. The catching is a deep problem. Dick Brown underwent surgery in the winter for a brain tumor and is indefinitely sidelined. His likely successor, Andy Etchebarren, had

played just seven major league games before Opening Day. With Pappas gone, the pitching is suspect. Steve Barber, the ace presumptive, is 24-23 for the past two seasons. Wally Bunker, 19-5 as a rookie in 1964, slipped to 10-8 last year. Dave McNally was 11-6 last year (though 8-2 after the All-Star break). The real pitching strength lies in the bullpen—Sue Miller and Dick Hall—but they are getting old, Father William.

Fascinating as the Orioles will surely be, the question remains: Can the city of Baltimore get aroused enough to come out and watch them? It is difficult to forget Sunday, September 20, 1964. That day the Orioles played a double-header. They had been fighting for the lead all season, and this Sunday they were only half a game out of first place. How many ecstatic crab eaters jammed their way into Memorial Stadium? Exactly 8,474. Natives explained this lack of interest by pointing out that the Baltimore Colts were playing on TV. That's the old Oriole sport.

The Baltimore management has tried to improve attendance by conducting special "nights" for just about all local organizations except two-chair hairbershops. This year the Orioles will conduct further experiments, particularly in June, July and August, when Marylanders head for the beaches. They have scheduled Saturday night two-night doubleheaders, and at least four Saturday or Sunday afternoon games are set to start at 5 p.m., an unprecedented time for a baseball game. The reasoning is that a) people get back from the beach early; and b) it will be cool enough by 5 for fans who prefer the uncovered upper deck without the privilege of being fried like a crab cake.

It may be a futile hope on the Orioles' part. Baltimore is an old city (settled in 1729) and a big one (sixth in the U.S. in the 1960 census), but it has a depressingly small-time gait, maybe too small to appreciate a ball team that could win the pennant. Perhaps Baltimore has been best delineated—or maybe caricatured a bit too cruelly—by Mark Russell, a young comedian who appears at the Shoreham in Washington. Russell sings a parody about Baltimore that goes over pretty well in Washington, 40 miles southwest and five positions lower in the American League. It is done to the tune of *That's How Ireland Got Its Name* and goes:

*Sure, a little bit of Norfolk fell from out the sky over  
doris  
And it nestled up in Maryland, just up the road a way.  
And when the natives found it, they were filled with  
much despair.  
They said, "We'll have to leave it, 'cause it looks so  
crumbly there."  
So they dotted it with strip joints. That's a business  
that will pay.  
And Blaze Starr would run for mayor, if the people had  
their way.  
And they filled the fragrant harbor with a smell you  
can't ignore.  
And when they had it finished, sure, they called it  
Balt - it - mean!*

B. Robby (left) and I. Robby, Baltimore's twin favorites, give clues to the Oriole's offbeat and make pennant chances rest.









## MINNESOTA TWINS

It was the day after his Minnesota Twins had lost the seventh game of the World Series. Sam Mele was worrying about his wife and their overdue baby during the flight to his home near Boston, but something else was bothering him, too. Almost abruptly he said, "You know, next year the rest of the league probably will run all over the place and take chances and try to beat us the exact same way we beat them this year."

The thought obviously lingered with Mele all winter, for in the Twins' first exhibition game last month they not only stole four bases and tried an unsuccessful double steal but they also attempted five pick-off plays at second base and two at third and threw out two base runners from the outfield. A few games later they introduced a new pick-off maneuver, which they tried only against National League teams, security precautions apparently being in effect.

"That is just the beginning," said Mele. "We're going to be even more aggressive in our thinking than we were last year, because the other clubs are going to bunt and steal and hit-and-run on us. We proved you can't sit around and wait for a home run to win a ball game and a pennant."

The Twins did just about everything right last year when they won their first American League pennant. Mele was voted the Major League Manager of the Year and now, for the first time since he was named manager in 1961, is not too concerned about job security. Shortstop Zoilo Versalles was the American League's Most Valuable Player, Mudcat Grant its best pitcher and Tony Oliva its batting champion. The pennant had its tangible rewards: the \$7,000 World Series share, the lucrative speaking engagements, the song-and-dance act for Mudcat and his Kittens and healthy raises all around. This year eight Twins (Killebrew, Pascual, Kaat, Allison, Butey, Versalles, Oliva and Grant) are being paid \$33,000 and up by Owner Calvin Griffith, with promises of even more for another pennant.

Whether the Twins win again depends to a great degree on Versalles. Grant could win 21 games again. Kaat could win 17 or 18. Camilo Pascual, who seems over his shoulder problems, could win 20, too. Harmon Killebrew could hit 40 home runs, Bob Allison 30, Don Mincher

*continued*

*Minnesota's key to a repeat pennant is Zoilo Versalles, the little leader of the big men.*

and Jimmie Hall 25. And Oliva could win his third batting championship in his third year in the league. But the player they need to win the pennant again is Versalles.

Zeno is not particularly the ideal lead-off man, because he struck out 122 times and walked only 41 times last year. And he made nine more errors than any other shortstop in the major leagues. But Versalles grows the Twins an identity they never had until he showed that the smallest man on a team of big men can be the leader.

If Versalles is aware of his special status with the Twins, he does not let it affect him. He does joke more with his teammates than in previous years, and he still talks about "making a lot of money," because there are four little ones "ninin' round at home." But he also has a serious and appealing approach to baseball that most of his contemporaries somehow lack.

"Last year means nothing now," Versalles says. "In this game, you know, it's easy come, easy go. We got a season to play, and we don't want thinking about last year. We still got to run—that is the name of the game—and we still got to win."

Versalles attributes an element of luck to everything he does in baseball, and he wonders why people misinterpret his remarks on the meaning of luck. "In the World Series I say I'm lucky when I get that bat around and get a hit, or when I make a good play, or when I steal a base—and people like to hear that. But when I say the Dodgers are lucky to win the Series because of that play [Jim Gilliam's stop of Versalles' ball in the seventh game], then people didn't like that. We won last year because we were lucky. We were just lucky."

No matter how lucky the Twins are this season, they will have trouble winning the pennant again. Mele hopes to develop a regular second baseman from Jerry Kandall, Bernie Allen and Chuck Schilling, who was not good enough to help the Red Sox. Catcher Earl Battey suffers from a thyroid condition and cannot play every day because of his weight. His replacement the last four years, Jerry Zimmerman, just cannot hit. "Getting someone to back up Battey is our No. 1 problem," Mele said in Florida. Getting Russ Nixon from the Red Sox won't do much to solve that problem.

Sam wants to discard the platoon system he used late last season and start Allison on left, Hall in center and Minter at first base on a full-time basis. "If they show they can't handle the job, we'll platoon again with Sandy Valdespino, Joe Nosske or Andy Kosco in the outfield. And if necessary, we'll move Killebrew to first against left-handers and play Rich Rollins at third."

The pitching appears strong with Grant, Kaat, Pascual and Jim Perry, Jim Merritt or Dave Boswell as the starters, and Al Worthington, Johnny Klippstein and rookie

Pete Cimino as key men in the bullpen.

As for Oliva, the right hfelder had the injured knuckle on the middle finger of his throwing hand operated on last winter, and that should improve his hitings—if further improvement is possible. Most people just hope it stops his bat throwing.

"Oh, yeah," Oliva said one day in Orlando. "I no throw the bat this year." Thirty minutes later he was at a pitch, and his flying bat nearly decapitated the first baseman. "It slip," said Oliva, apologetically. Things with the Twins haven't changed much this year.

**OUTLOOK** With catching questionable and a solid second baseman nonexistent, the Twins will need luck. Zeno's kind or any other brand available to repeat as pennant winners.

## DETROIT TIGERS

Mickey Lolich is a left-handed pitcher for the Detroit Tigers and, as he says, "If you're left-handed and a pitcher, then people automatically think you're flaky." Yes, they do—especially when Mickey tells them why he throws a baseball with his left hand although he does everything else with his right.

"I was about 2 years old," he says, "and the little girl next door and myself were drag racing down the walk on our tricycles. She forced me into this parked motorcycle and the thing fell on me and broke my left collarbone. So for a few years the doctors had me using my left arm for everything in order to strengthen the collarbone, and when I started to throw a ball I did it with my left hand." Lolich was riding a tricycle, he did crash into a motorcycle and he did crack his left collarbone at age 2, but he was not drag racing the little girl next door. "It does make a good story to tell people, though, doesn't it?" he asks.

Lolich is one of three reasons why Manager Charley Dresen thinks the Tigers can win the American League pennant. The other two are right-handed pitchers Denny McLain and Joe Spina. Last year Lolich, McLain and Spina won 44 games among them. This year they figure they must win at least 55. As Dresen says, "We'll go as far as they can take us."

The three young pitchers do not attempt to conceal the confidence they have in their own abilities. "Dresen is fortunate that we're here," says Lolich, 25. "Why, just recently Larry Sherry told me, 'You three kids are the whole club.'" Dresen recalls that McLain, 22, came up to him a couple

of times last year and asked to pitch against Cleveland's Sam McDowell. "He'd been reading how they all said McDowell was the best of the young pitchers, and he wanted to have his own say," Dresen recalls. Spina, 24, sounded off when Dresen kept him out of action 11 days just to have him ready to pitch against the Yankees (whom he defeated four times in 1965). "Hell, they're not the only team I can beat," said Spina at the time.

McLain missed nine starts last year because of a kidney infection but still won 16 games. "I started out with the White Sox organization as a fast-ball pitcher," he says, "but they never taught me another pitch. It took Charley Dresen himself just 15 minutes—that's all—to give me the only curve I've ever had, and later he taught me the changeup."

McLain, who grows organ lemons during the off season, already is the champion consumer of soft drinks in the majors. "I used to have about 25 Pepsi-Cokes a day," he says, "but now I get the 16-ounce bottles and have only 15 or 20 of them a day. I'll have a couple at breakfast, four or five before and after a game, then several more at home at night. And I've never had a weight problem."

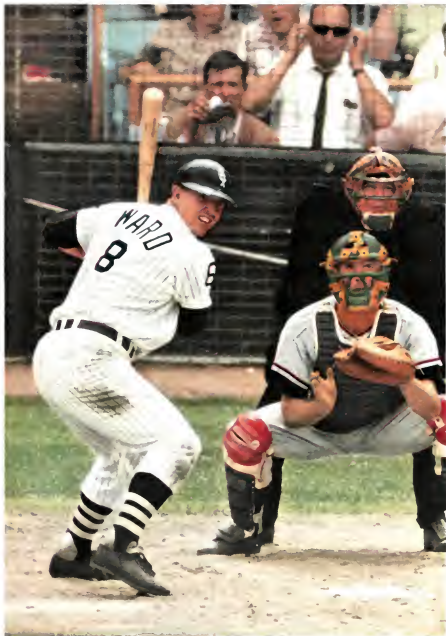
Spina, who played quarterback at Ohio State until he realized that Woody Hayes was not going to install a passing offense just for Joe Spina, has no drinking problem but suffers from a lack of control—which he attributes to football. "When you toss a football, you stop your arm and hold it up high," he explains. "But when you throw a baseball you must follow through. I don't do that all the time, and that's why I'm wild high so often."

Catching the three individuals is Bill Freehan, who seems to have recovered from the hand and back injuries that had him on the bench frequently last season. "You've got to keep Lolich from thinking," says Freehan. "When Mickey even starts to think, he gets himself in trouble, because then he tries to get too fine with his pitches. All he really has to do is throw the ball past the hitters. Pitching comes natural to McLain so he tends to relax a little. You've got to keep him working at it, and then he's all right. Spina, now, must throw a strike on his first pitch, because he can't pinpoint his breaking stuff when he's behind the batter."

Along with Lolich, McLain and Spina, the Tigers have two other dependable starters in Bill Monbouquette, obtained from Boston, and Hank Aguirre, but the starting pitchers alone will not win a pennant for the Tigers. They need strong years from Freehan and Al Kaline, who has

*Mickey Lolich's chest move on the mound is to rear back and throw the ball past the hitters.*





had his foot operated on, more consistent hitting from Willie Horton and Norm Cash, an improved defense around second base and a couple of good relief pitchers.

In 1965 Horton was batting .306 with 20 home runs and 58 runs batted in at the All-Star break. Then the pitchers learned that Willie could not hit an outside breaking pitch, and he hit only three home runs in the last seven weeks as his season's average dropped to .273. Cash, on the other hand, had a .210 average, seven home runs and only 25 runs batted in at mid-season but finished with a .266 average, 30 home runs and 82 runs batted in.

The Tigers have the best offensive but worst defensive double-play combination in the league. Second baseman Jerry Lumpe and Shortstop Dick McAuliffe both are solid hitters, but last year the Tigers were last in double plays. Lumpe seems to have slowed another half step, while McAuliffe has not increased his very limited range.

But the big problem is the bullpen, and Drevsen, as usual, keeps muttering, "If I only had another Joe Black." He hopes to find one among Larry Sherry, who is seven seasons gone from the Sherry of 1959, when he won the World Series for the Dodgers, Dave Wickensham, who has been a disappointment as a starter, Fred Gladding and Terry Fox.

**OUTLOOK** A relief pitcher like Stu Miller or Eddie Fisher could bring a pennant to Detroit—but the Tigers do not have a Miller or a Fisher, and so they may have nothing in October.

## CHICAGO WHITE SOX

One of the very best things that happened to the Chicago White Sox last year did not count. Pete Ward hit two long home runs in the last exhibition game of the spring, making a total of eight. While this signified nothing, officially, the pitchers who made up what was supposed to be the most awesome staff in baseball nudged each other joyfully, the management nodded knowingly and the experts who figured the time was ripe for a Yankee collapse congratulated each other on their foresight in picking the White Sox to move in where the Yankees left off.

The logic seemed irrefutable. Ward, a third baseman who is built like a light bulb the

seems to get bigger nearer the ground, probably because he has a youthful, impish face set into a torso-rumpled uniform and massive legs, had an unabashed enthusiasm for American League pitching. So the White Sox, who had been flirting with a championship for two years on the basis of excellent pitching, now apparently had the man to put a wallop in their attack and a permanent flag in their ball park.

It was the Chicago Black Hawks who ruined everything. Ward is a Canadian by birth this father, Jimmy Ward, was a National Hockey League star in the '30s, and the idea of attending a 1985 Stanley Cup match in Chicago appealed to him. It seemed like a harmless enough way to spend an evening, but as he was driving home after the game Ward's car was hit by another and his head was snapped back like a rag doll. It was what doctors and lawyers call "whiplash," and it ruined Ward as a hitter for the season. It also ruined the White Sox. Instead of running home first, they spent a fateful season futilely chasing the Minnesota Twins.

Of course, to say that Ward's unproductive season was responsible for Chicago's disappointing year may be stretching a point. Outfielder Floyd Robinson hit only .265, a most unenviable figure for a batter whose lifetime average had been .301. Power-hitting Catcher John Romano had come back to the White Sox amid excited hurrahs, but Romano hit exactly the way he had for the Cleveland Indians the year before, and that wasn't very good.

But for all that, the White Sox offense was less the villain than the vaunted pitching. Statistics show that the American League as a whole scored fewer runs last season, which means batting generally fell off while pitching improved. But the White Sox pitching fell off, and the White Sox batting improved—if you ignore the lack of timely, game-winning hits. While league totals in runs, total bases, doubles, home runs and runs batted in declined, the White Sox went up in every one of those categories.

But the pitching sagged. Gary Peters and Juan Pizarro, who had been overpoweringly successful pitchers for two seasons (Peters won 19 and 20, Pizarro 16 and 19), could manage just 16 wins between them last year. The starting pitchers generally were under-*pendable* and needed help from the sterling bullpen—Eddie Fisher, Hoyt Wilhelm, Bob Locker, *et al.* in 141 of the 162 games the team played. American League pitching improved in hits, runs and earned run averages but White Sox pitching got worse in those key categories.

But this spring it's a lot like old times. The run-stingy habits appear to have returned to Peters and Pizarro and the other pitchers Tommy John says he will be perfectly happy to win 15 games and, off his 14-7 season last year, seem perfectly capa-

ble of it. Joe Horlen, on the other hand, says, "Few" on 15 wins. "If a guy's going to have a year, he's got to win 20." The only discordant note comes from Wilhelm, who broke a finger hitting! At 43, wounds are slow to heal. The line drives hit by Robinson have an old familiar line-drive ring, and Romano, stillably slim, looks like the hard-hitting Romano of four or five years ago.

Most important, everything seems to be firmly in place in Pete Ward's neck. Now all Manager Eddie Stanky has to do is find a place to play his precocious slugger. The problem arises because Stanky is positively fascinated by players who can't hit, can't run and can't throw, but whose urge to win games borders on the suicidal. In Al Weis, Stanky thinks he has found his dream player. Actually, Weis falls somewhat short of Stanky's ideal, since he is an excellent second baseman, batted .296 playing part time last year and can run like hell. But if he hits, he hits gently (three home runs in 685 major league at bats). Ah, that's more like it! Let's put Al at second. The insertion of Weis in the lineup bounces Don Buford over to third, which is where he belonged in the first place. The 5-foot 3-inch Buford is a tough little hitter (.283 last year, with 10 home runs and 93 runs scored, by far the most runs scored by a White Sox player). He is also very fast, but he does have this knack of playing ground balls off his chest—fine technique for a Stanky-type third baseman. So Buford has moved Ward off third, and Ward in turn is moving people every which way.

Last January, Stanky said, "Some people have been saying Ward will be my first baseman, but I want you to know this isn't true. I'm 100% satisfied with Moose Skowron." All this may have been comforting to Skowron, but in spring training who did Moose see working out with a brand-new first baseman's glove? Ward, of course, and when Pete wasn't working out at first base, he was out shagging flies in left field. The implication is clear. Ward is going to be somewhere in the lineup.

Ward in the outfield would seem to create new problems, such as fly balls falling before, behind and on either side of the displaced third baseman. But Pete shows a surprising aptitude for the outfield, and in particularly ticklish situations Custer Fielder Ken Berry, who covers enough ground for two, offers protection. And if not Berry, then rookie Tom Agee, who seems to be a better hitter and who, moreover, has a gift for making the most incredible plays at precisely the right time. "A little bit of that this season," notes Stanky, "and we could win this thing."

**OUTLOOK** In Florida the White Sox generally looked like the snappiest team in training. But don't let all that pep and vinegar fool you. It's still an iffy team.

*His neck is better, and cheerful Pete Ward seems ready to assist on the league's pitchers.*

## CLEVELAND INDIANS

On the last day of last season—the first year since 1959 that the Cleveland Indians had won more games than they had lost—Manager Birdie Tebbets called a clubhouse meeting. He told his players: "Next season will be our year. There are no ifs or maybes about it. We're going to win the whole thing."

Birdie Tebbets has refrained from such drumbeating in public but, as usual in the spring, his Indians once again have the shine and luster of a team that should be right in the middle of the American League pennant race until it's all over. The only trouble is, they've had that look before in the spring, and it has palled, come fall.

"We can win the pennant, and we can do it with only a normal performance," argues Cleveland President Gabe Paul. "We don't need a superseason from any of our players to win, just a normal effort. Our pitching is such that we're not depending heavily on anyone except Sam McDowell and Sonny Siebert. We've got enough pitching depth to get the job done even if a couple of our veterans don't come through."

Of course, this year, hope for success is built on something more than hope. The Indians have pitching plus in McDowell and Siebert, power plus in Rocky Colavito and Leon Wagner, speed plus in Vic Davilillo and Max Alvis, and a bench that may be the strongest in the American League. "We have the starting pitchers, we can run, we have power," says Tebbets. "I even think we can afford to lose a very good player without its being a disaster. We'd still remain in contention all the way."

Among Tebbets' problems (the most annoying are inconsistent catching and inadequate left-handed relief pitching) is the fact that with so many good players he has trouble getting the best ones in the lineup at the right time. Take the outfield. "They say it's a pleasant problem," complains Wagner. "Well, it's not so pleasant for us outfielders. We all want to play, but there is only right, center and left field. You can't take out Rocky—the people love him and, besides, he never quits. Vic is a .300 hitter and covers ground. Chuck Hinton, why he earned Washington before he came to us. But what you going to do with me? I hit .294 last year, and I got power, man—some power."

Finding a place for Hinton to play bothered Tebbets last year and still does. A solid .275 hitter at Washington, he seems capable of batting .300 if he plays regularly,

and he hit 18 home runs as a part-timer in 1965. Unhappily, he is an unimpressive fielder. "If I'd left him at second base last season like I should have," says Tebbets, "I wouldn't be trying to find him a position this year."

Early in 1965 Paul acquired Pedro Gonzalez from the Yankees to tighten the Indians' defense up the middle. Pedro, at second, teamed nicely with Shortstop Larry Brown who, in Tebbets' eyes, won a clean-cut decision over former regular Dick Howser. This year Cleveland expects even more improvement around second base.

At first base is Fred Whitfield, 28, who last year beat out five others for the job and, in his first full season as a regular, hit .293 with 26 homers and 90 runs batted in. "Another like it, and he could be the most valuable player in the league," says Tebbets. At third base, 28-year-old Max Alvis is still trying to live up to the potential he showed as a rookie three years ago. Off to his best start last year, he made the All-Star team but then managed only seven home runs and 21 RBIs throughout the second half. Not by coincidence, the club slidded with him. To protect against a recurrence of that slump Alvis is hitting the outside pitch into right field and, on occasion, bleeding hits from surprise bunts up the baselines. "I know I'm no .350 hitter," he says, "but I know I've yet to come near my peak." "Max can help a team so many ways," Tebbets says. "He can run and steal a base. He is a fine third baseman. I'd be satisfied if he hit .260 with 25 homers."

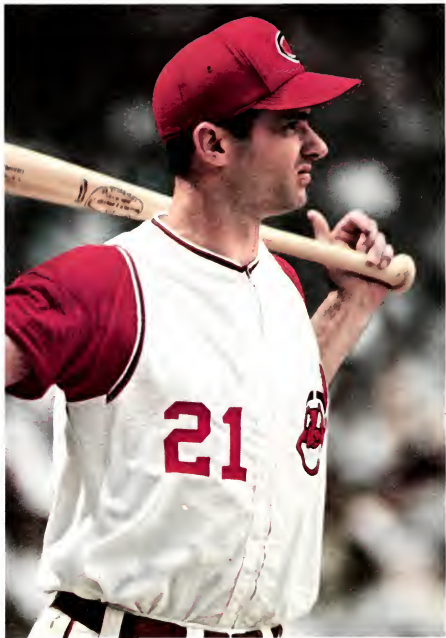
The Indians, however, will look to right field for their power. Colavito, back in Cleveland last year after an absence of five seasons, hit .287, drove in 108 runs and had 26 homers. Gabe Paul wishes he could measure precisely how much the presence of Colavito meant to a franchise that for a time seemed outward bound to Oakland or Seattle, but in the meantime he has to go by the attendance figures—which went up almost 300,000 in 1965. "It was good to have him back again," says Paul with sincerity.

If the Indians really hope to compete on even terms with the other contending teams in the American League, their pitching will have to attain a much greater degree of dependability than it had last season. Tebbets' only reliable starters were left-hander McDowell and right-hander Siebert, who, in combining for 33 wins, finished one-three in AL earned run averages. "They really arrived," says Tebbets, pointing out that both had had good years for the second season in a row. "That proved they weren't just flashes in the pan. They showed *consistent*

*Rocky Colavito's long-expected arrival at home plate means trouble for opposing pitchers*







me they're mature enough to handle themselves no matter how tight it gets." At 23, McDowell, according to California Angel Shortstop Jim Ferguson, "is as good as Koufax is. He has it all." Seiber, blowing some line at 29, is still having fun finding out how hard he can throw a baseball.

Behind these two, however, is abundant potential but not much cash on hand—so little, in fact, that Gary Bell, four years a relief pitcher, will probably be the Indians' No. 3 starter. Behind him may be Lee Stange, rookie Tom Kelley, Jack Krack, who was hampered by a sore arm in 1965, and Ralph Terry, a holdout. Hopefully, Luis Tiant (11-11) has lost enough weight to return to the form he displayed in winning 30 starts as a rookie up 1964.

Don McMahon, now 36, will be used in long relief instead of short, leaving those duties to 23-year-old Steve Hargan, a lanky right-hander who was 4-3 as a rookie. Another possible reliever is right-hander Bob Hefner, plucked from the Boston system.

An avast to Cleveland's pitching may come from behind the plate in the person of Del Crandall. At 36, Crandall is still expert in channeling young and inexperienced throwers into the strike zone, and most of the Indian staff feels better when he is catching. "You don't know how much he's helped us already," says McDowell. But Crandall doesn't hit very often anymore, which means that Joe Mauer is still No. 1.

**OUTLOOK** Plenty of players, plenty of talent, plenty of potential. But the pitching is not as good as it looks, and pitching wins pennants.

## WASHINGTON SENATORS

In their early days on the job with the Washington Senators, Manager Gil Hodges and General Manager George Selkirk bungled matters as badly as their players did. But both learned from their failures, and their new-found knowledge is reflected in the improvement of the club: 10th to ninth to eighth in successive seasons. Hodges started learning in his very first game as manager on May 22, 1963. "Robin Roberts was pitching against us in Baltimore, and he had us down 6-0," Hodges says. "When we came to bat in the eighth I told Sid Hudson, then our pitching coach, to warm up another pitcher. Roberts gets our first man out in the eighth, and the Baltimore fans start clapping. When he gets the second man out there's more clapping, and I start to wonder what's going on. I turn to Hudson and say, 'Is that

pitcher ready to go in?' He's not even warming up. Get him ready.' The last man makes out, and I'm still waiting for our new pitcher to come in. Then I suddenly realize that we had just played the top of the ninth, not the eighth, and that the game is over."

Selkirk thought he had helped the team with one of the first deals he made back in 1962 when he purchased Lou Kirschlock from the Braves. It was announced that Kirschlock had been asked to report to spring training early and that it was likely he would be the new third baseman. Selkirk had not thought to check on the military status of his new player. When he did, he discovered that Kirschlock was in the service and could not report to spring training at all. Kirschlock has since gone on to other things: the Mets.

Winer and warner, Hodges and Selkirk no longer are susceptible to such boners and the Senators are no longer the wallydragons of the league. After the 1964 season the manager and general manager collaborated on a highly successful trade with the Dodgers which gave Washington left fielder Frank Howard, third baseman Ken McMullen, first baseman Dick Nen and pitchers Phil Ortega and Pete Richert. In one sense, Hodges is still waiting for his team to come to bat again, because for the second year in a row only the Mets among the 20 major league teams had worse hitting than the Senators. But Howard (.289), McMullen (.263) and Ken Hamlin (.273) had respectable averages, and this season the offense should be more productive. Howard was hampered by injuries throughout last season and hit most of his 21 home runs more or less with one arm, but he had corrective surgery during the winter and now is swinging all the way with both arms. There is no telling how often and how far this 6-foot-6, 250-pound slugger is apt to hit the ball. Outfielder Fred Valentine, who hit impressively in training, looks like a find, and both Center Fielder Don Lock and Catcher John Onizco, after disappointing seasons, were hitting sharply in Florida.

Ortega (12-15) was on his way to a fine season last year but went sour and lost seven of his last eight games. Richert (15-12) was on his way to a miserable season but did an about face that would have pleased a Marine drill instructor. "I can't express how much it means to me to know that Gil was willing to stick with me," Richert says. With Richert as starting pitcher this season will be Buster Narum, Jim Duckworth and, if he gets straightened out, Ortega.

Many of the Senators attribute their relative success last year to Hodges, but if Duckworth becomes a winner much of the credit must go to Selkirk. It was Selkirk who helped Duckworth overcome his fear of flying, a fear that could have ended the pitcher's major league career. Duckworth has a

live arm and needs only to develop stamina to become a solid nine-inning pitcher.

Buy. Bullpenners Ron Kline (14 games) and Steve Ridzik (63 games) need help and may get it from a 6-foot-5 rookie named Casey Cox. Kline, a 12-year veteran of the majors, gives high praise to Hodges for his handling of pitchers. "He shows greater understanding of pitchers than any manager I've worked under," says Kline. "When you get a call on the bullpen to start throwing you know you're going in. That's important because it saves your arm."

Left-hander Mike McCormick (8-8) is another Senator who is effusively grateful for the way Hodges has handled him. "I had been winning as a starter, but then he began using me in relief and I got confused," McCormick says. "But he talked to me about 20 minutes one day, and he explained how he needed someone with my experience in the bullpen. He gave me a pat on the back, and it meant a lot. You're respected in the bullpen, but as long as you're respected that's what counts."

The players regard Hodges as very fair but very firm. At the end of last season he gave each player who had a weight problem an assigned poundage at which to report this spring. He also gave them the privilege of coming in over that weight. The only condition was that they would have to pay \$10 a pound. Since this was a somewhat higher price than supermarket meat and because any such payment would not be tax-deductible, the money-minded Senators all made their prescribed weights.

Hodges holds more clubhouse meetings than most managers, usually to review strategy and to go over errors. His attention to such detail has helped the club raise its victory total from 56 in 1963 to 62 in 1964 and to 70 last season. Hodges also knows how to arouse emotional fire in his fledgling heroes. In 1964 he did just that when he reminded his players of what they have come to call the no-room-at-the-inn story. It seems that when the Senators arrived in Sarasota to play the White Sox in spring training that year they found that the hotel rooms they thought they had reserved had been taken over by the Chicagoans. In September Hodges reminded the smoldering memory of that incident and got his ninth-placers keyed up enough to beat the White Sox four out of five times and end their pennant hopes.

**OUTLOOK** It will be some time before the Senators have pennant aspirations of their own, but now that Hodges and Selkirk have put their gaffes far behind them, Washington looks more and more like a baseball team.

*Quote from interview by Manager Gil Hodges has helped the Senators climb from the cellar.*





## KANSAS CITY ATHLETICS

The best listener in baseball is Charlie O., the mule, and that is, no doubt, why Charlie O. Finley, the owner, sent him south to Florida this spring with his Kansas City Athletics. Now, when General Manager Ed Lopat talks of his dashing players who are expected to run their way into the hearts of Kansas City fans and out of last place in the American League, he is at least assured of an audience of one. "Why, we may be the fastest team in the league," says Lopat, and Charlie O., the mule, nods in agreement. "Oh, I'll admit the White Sox may have a step on us," says Lopat, to which Charlie O. nods affirmation. "But the rest of the league will have to reckon with our speed." With that, Charlie O. goes into an absolute spasm of head bowing. What more could a general manager ask of a mule?

The fact is, the A's had better be fast. Finley, who has been realigning Municipal Stadium in startling and utterly incomprehensible hurries of enthusiasm for the last three years, has now turned his playing area into something large enough to test the endurance of a flock of migrating geese. Finley started creating his vast wasteland last season, but to make things really outlandish this year he has put a fence on top of his fence. That means the drives of right-handed hitters—after traveling 370 feet down the left-field line—will have to clear a 22-foot barrier to get out of the park. The center-field fence is on the other side of the state from home plate (421 feet), and as for those who once took comfort in being left-handed—well, Finley has settled their hush by tearing out his famed "permanent porch," only 325 feet away, and building a 40-foot-high fence from right to center. Obviously, Finley, like everyone else, was smitten with the way the pennant-winning Twins and Dodgers went at the game of baseball—with speed, stealth and audacity.

The most important player in Kansas City thus becomes, by default, Dagoberto Campanero. Last year Finley got it in his head that Campanero was a movable feast and accordingly played him at all nine positions in one game, for no particularly good reason other than it had never been done before—and because it would draw a good crowd. Campo also stole 51 bases—which is more to the point. "I feel like run," was Campo's explanation, which

*continued*

*Sprightly Campo: Campanero lends class to the A's both in the field and in stealing bases.*

pretty well exhausts his command of the English language. And this year? Campy rolls his eyes, apparently to indicate that he feels like run again. Certainly he has the blessing of Alvin Dark, latest in the long line (nine in 12 years) of Kansas City managers. To supplement Campy's quickness, Dark has established Jose Tartabull in center field for the simple reason that he, too, has the gift of running very fast and spraying hits to all fields (Jose hit .312 after being recalled from Vancouver last year). Tartabull—like Campaneris, a Cuban by birth—speaks better English than Campy and has more sheer speed, though not the base-stealing finesse. It would be most encouraging for those who think of ninth place as a step upward, as K.C. fans must, if the A's could unleash several more who could run like the two Cubanos. Unfortunately, that is the end of the suspended (unless rookie Ron Stone can make it in left field).

There are others who can move out with fair dispatch. Dick Green, who might be the best second baseman in the league if he could stop hurting himself at the most inopportune moments, is not slow. Nor is Third Baseman Ed Charles, nor Outfielders Mike Hershberger and Larry Stahl. They aren't likely to force opposing catchers into early retirement, but they do add a spunky note on the base paths.

Where that leaves the A's two sluggers, First Baseman Ken Harrelson and Catcher Bill Bryan (who has genuine left-handed power), is strictly open for debate. "Are you part of the speed team?" a reporter asked Harrelson this spring.

"Definitely," answered the Hawk.

"Definitely not," said Dark. Since the manager has a reputation for meaning what he says, it appears that Harrelson will be given the frustrating task of hitting the long ball in the long ball park. Harrelson consoles himself by noting, "You have to love talent, baby, and I have nothing but talent. Why I assure myself."

There are other requisites for winning games in a big stadium besides speed. A sound defense helps, and so does good pitching. Green and Hershberger are genuine craftsmen in the field, and, not including Bryan, the other positions will be handled fairly stylishly. But the pitching—well, The Athletics did not yield as many runs as the Red Sox did last year, but the staff's earned run average was just as bad—4.24, worst in the major leagues. Some of the more inept starters were ruled out in midseason, and with Jim (Catfish) Hunter, John O'Donoghue, Roland Sheldon and Fred Talbot doing most of the starting the rest of the season, the situation improved, though not spectacularly.

Hunter, the youngest at 20 and one of the most talented right-handers the A's have ever had, was sent to Venezuela last winter

for more polish. The plan had merit, but when Lopat was informed during the winter that his young protee had his arm in a sling, the general manager nearly leaped out his office window. "What in the world has been going on down there?" asked Lopat. Nothing much, really. The Venezuelan team had been using the prodigy four times a week, in all, both starting and relieving. "You catch the next plane home," Lopat told Hunter, and on his return to Kansas City, Catfish was whisked off for a thorough examination. The team physician announced that the only thing wrong with Hunter's arm was a slight muscle tear, and the sigh of relief nearly started a stampede in the Kansas City stockyards.

Meanwhile Dark is advising his players that he is not interested in winning games five years hence. "The time is now," he says. Accordingly, Alvin has asked the batters to learn the art of hitting behind the runner, the fielders to throw to the correct bases and all the players to run rapidly at all times. He puts it as a request, but it is really an order.

"He talks soft," says Harrelson, "but we listen hard." And Charlie O does a lot of nodding.

**OUTLOOK** With an attentive male and a new manager who wants to win some ball games this season, the A's have an excellent chance to vacate the cellar.

## NEW YORK YANKEES

In the wake of the disastrous season the New York Yankees had last year—a bad start, injuries, disciplinary problems and, finally, a sixth-place finish, the first time the Yankees had finished in the second division in 40 years—came player-sniping at Manager Johnny Keane. One of the truisms of baseball is that each player has "his" manager, the one he prefers above all others. Almost to a man, the Yankees' favorite was Ralph Houk, who managed the club to pennants in 1961, 1962 and 1963 before moving up to the general manager's chair. Any manager who followed him had to suffer from comparison. It happened in 1964 to Yogi Berra and last season to Keane, who did indeed suffer. "I've grown older than I should have in the past year," Keane says wryly.

Speaking about the players' feelings toward the manager, one Yankee says, "A lot of the trouble was that we were spoiled by Houk. He knew how to handle each man. Keane does not understand psychology that

well. The guys were really hurt by that drinking incident at the Newark Airport. [Keane fired several players who had been living it up at the airport bar.] They felt that Houk would not have made such a big thing out of it. Houk mingled with his players. Keane is distant. It bothered us last year. But this spring the attitude seems different. Now we're trying to look at Keane's good points, and we're saying we'd like to win one for John."

"Keane walked into a situation that he couldn't do anything about last year," says Roger Maris. "It was like what happened to Kerby Farrell with Cleveland in '57. Wertz was hurting. Score got hit in the eye. Lemon had bone chips. Wyten came down with the gout."

In addition to the new attitude toward the manager, a number of players have done further soul-searching with regard to their relations with each other.

"When we're winning, the things that Joe Peppitoni and the other guys do are funny," says one Yankee. "When we're losing, these same guys can do the same things and they become distasteful. It's the same with Maris. When we're winning we say, 'Gee, I wonder when he'll be ready to play.' When we're losing, it's 'That Roger is jakin' it again.' It's strange but true. Our attitude depends on how the team is going. What it all proves is that we're human, just like everybody else."

"I understand how the guys felt," says Maris, who missed much of last season because of a hand injury. "I mean, what can you think when a guy only has a little swelling in his hand and says he can't do the job? Then they take X rays and nothing shows. I can understand the suspicion. I'd have felt the same way. It wasn't fun to be in the dugout day in and day out and to sit there looking like a jerk. It was a long year."

Near the end of the long year bone chips were finally discovered and removed from Maris' right hand. Week by week this spring Maris hit with more and more power, and it looks now as though he will have a pleasantly productive season.

It will be nice for the Yankees to have Maris playing full time again, but, more than to anyone else, the club still looks to Mickey Mantle for help. Mantle appeared in camp this spring bearing yet another evidence of the surgeon's scalpel, this time a serpentine scar that crawled across his right shoulder. Mickey still cannot throw with any strength, and no one knows for sure how long it will be before he can. Certainly, as the Yankees start the season, they cannot count on Mantle—although, except for the shoulder, he is in excellent physical condition. He is 10 pounds leaner than he has been, and his legs, which he has been exercising with 15-pound sandbags, are stronger than they have been in ages. Yet, though

Mantle knows his ability and his value to his team, he puts little stock in reports that he inspires his teammates.

"Shoot, I don't believe I've been an inspiration to this club," he says. "The only way you can do that is to produce, and the last couple years I haven't produced. Everybody's trying, as a team and as individuals, to redeem themselves after last season."

Catcher Elston Howard, a third regular who was operated on last year, had a fine spring and should easily better his .233 mark of 1965. "We're more determined after last year," says Howard as he reflects upon the team's sixth-place finish. "I know we're not a second-division club. No club can lose four regulars [Shortstop Tony Kubek, who has since been forced to retire because of a bad back, was the fourth] and a 20-game winner [Jim Bouton, who dropped from 18 wins in 1964 to four last year] and keep winning."

The Yankees no longer possess their once-famed power-hitting superiority, but with Mays and Howard—and perhaps Mantle—ready to go, there almost certainly will be a lot more firepower than there was a year ago, when the team hit an undernourished .235 and was 14th in the majors in scoring runs. Tom Tresh, the one solid man last season (.279, 26 home runs, 34 RBIs, 94 runs), will help the attack, and so will rookie Roy White, who hits singles and doubles with consistency. The Yankee hope that 19-year-old Bobby Murcer will make it at shortstop, but if he doesn't, Keene can fall back on Ruben Amaro, who was obtained from the Phillies for Phil Lutz. Clete Boyer at third and Bobby Richardson at second operate with ballbusting precision, but First Baseman Pepitone has periods of brilliance, periods of indifference.

It is on the mound that the team needs a renovation. Mel Stottlemyre (20-9, 2.63 ERA) and left-hander Whitey Ford (16-13) are the only reliables, and Ford is 37 and increasingly susceptible to miseries of one sort or another. Bob Friend, obtained from the Pirates, can sit in as long as his control is working. Al Downing has enough stuff and speed to be the ideal left-hander to protect the short right-field porch in Yankee Stadium, but he has inexpectably bogged down since his debut in 1963. Shoulder trouble has left Houston's career in serious doubt. For additional starting help, the Yankees can use Jack Cuken and rookie Fritz Peterson. Steve Hamilton, Pedro Ramos, Hal Reniff and rookie Dooley Womack man the bullpen, but none rates as the big stopper who is so badly needed.

**OUTLOOK** The Yankees have more question marks than a true-false quiz. There should be enough positive answers to get them back into the first division, but not enough for first place.

## CALIFORNIA ANGELS

The ball, driven into the Arizona sky like a well-stroked tee shot, landed in a vacant lot almost 500 feet away. The home run was Rack Reichardt's first hit of spring training, and if the fact that the California Angels gave him \$175,000 to sign two years ago didn't give it significance, its distance did. "That," said Manager Bill Rigney, "is another Angel first. We've never had a player who could hit a baseball that far."

Armed with a new name—remember, they're the California Angels now—and one of the foremost collections of pitchers in the American League, the Angels have moved into brand-new \$24 million Anaheim Stadium, their third home in six years. Unfortunately, they have brought with them the least effective offensive lineup in the league, based on last year's performance—a collection of hitters who were delinquent in every department involved in the production of runs. Seventh in the American League standings, the Angels were dead last in runs scored, runs batted in, home runs and total bases. "We were bad," admits Coach Salty Parker, "but if we'd gotten just a few run-producing hits—just a few—we'd have been much, much better."

How much better the Angels will be this year depends—perhaps too much—on three young outfielders: Reichardt, 23, his 21-year-old sidekick, Ed Kirkpatrick, and 22-year-old Jack Warner. All three have demonstrated in the minors an ability to hit sharply and with power. Reichardt, 6 feet 3, 215 pounds, was a pass-catching end on the University of Wisconsin football team who chose to play professional baseball. He hit 13 home runs and batted .280 at Seattle last year, and he has impressed Rigney. Kirkpatrick played alongside Reichardt at Seattle, hitting .291 with 20 homers and 82 RBIs. Signed in 1962, he has made four brief trips to the Angels, each time showing more promise. This year the Angels think he is ready. Warner hit 38 homers in the minors in 1964 and was a sensation in training last year, but he got hurt and wasted most of the season. Now the Angels think he, too, is set to go.

Rigney says, "I look out there and see them cavorting around in the outfield, and I think of how many managers want their whole careers to have kids like these. All I thought of this spring was, 'If they're ready, there's just no telling how high we can go.'"

With Reichardt, Kirkpatrick or Warner joining another fleet youngster—22-year-old Jose Cardenal (37 stolen bases as a rookie last season)—in the outfield, the Angels will

be more than just a novel attraction for their new fans in Anaheim, where advance ticket sales have guaranteed the club a minimum of 700,000 paid admissions. The pitching staff is youthful, hand-throwing, his good overall control and is remarkably experienced for its age. At 24, right-hander Dean Chance is the California ace. Plagued by an abscessed tooth through most of last year, Chance closed strong to finish with a 15-10 mark and a 3.15 earned run average. "He has been in the league four full years now," says Shortstop Jim Fregos, "and he's still surprised when someone gets a hit off him." Says Rigney, "All I know is, every time I look his way he nods O.K."

Backing up Chance in the rotation are left-handers George Brunet, 30, and Marcelino Lopez, 22, both of whom gave up less than three runs per game last year. Lopez, one of the league's future stars, has polished his curve ball to complement his speed. Right-hander Fred Newman, 24, worked complete games in his last five starts last year and had a 2.93 earned run average. Rigney expects him to start this season right where he left off. A possible fifth starter will be rookie John McGlothlin, a stocky, 22-year-old red-head who throws the ball hard and has lots of poise. "I've got to have middle men," Rigney says. "That is, relievers to keep things in order until Bob Lee [240 pounds, 1.92 ERA] can lock things up in the eighth and ninth." Rigney may have them in veterans Jack Sanford and Lou Hardens.

The Angel infield, built around Fregos at short and Bobby Knop at second, is solid. Fregos hit .277 with 15 homers and Knop batted .269. Defensively, they form a rare double-play combination. At third base Paul Schaal, 23, fields along the lines of Brooks Robinson but needs to improve his .224 batting average. In training he was trying to learn how to drive outside pitches into right field. Rigney is perfectly content to alternate left-handed-hitting Norm Siebern, obtained from the Orioles, with right-handed Joe Adcock at first base because, as he puts it, "either way I've got one hell of a pinch hitter there on the bench."

And if any of the youngsters make it in the outfield, he'll have a lot more than one pinch hitter. In fact, all of a sudden the Angels seem to have a lot of bench: Vic Power, Frank Malone, Ed Bailey, Jim Piesall, Albie Pearson and Willie Smith.

Rigney is hoping for some improvement at the plate from his catchers. "It was ridiculous last year," he says—and it was. Bob Rodgers hit .209 and Tom Sarrauto .165.

**OUTLOOK** The Angels have a few things going for them this season—a new ball park, promising young sluggers and a deep pitching staff. For all of Manager Rigney's bubbling enthusiasm, however, the Angels are not quite ready to challenge for the pennant.



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### SCOUTING REPORTS

## BOSTON RED SOX

Brother Malcolm, evangelist, seer and healer of the sick, was positively agglutinated with emotion as he faced his congregation and shouted: "We are sinners!"

"Yes, Brother, oh yes," came the chorus of the repentant. "Yes, we are all sinners," said Brother Malcolm. "But—brothers and sisters—we are not doomed!"

"Hallelujah," came the chorus.

Just a mile or so from where Brother had pitched his tent in Winter Haven, Fla., Dick Radatz, all 6 feet 5, 260 pounds of him, loomed up above another group of sinners

—the Boston Red Sox—and said essentially the same thing. In a most remarkable opening to spring training, Radatz, flanked by brethren Carl Yastrzemski and Earl Wilson, who, after a thorough winter housecleaning, are now the senior practitioners on the Boston team, preached hellfire and damnation for two hours in a meeting closed to manager, coaches and press.

"The only thing that could keep the Red Sox together this long is a keg of beer," said one reporter in a tone signifying deep cynicism and, unfortunately, logic. Last year the Red Sox had the league's second-leading batter (Yastrzemski), the league's leading home run hitter (Tuffy Fontenay) and the guy who used to be the best relief pitcher in baseball (Dick Radatz). To supplement this was enough punch to score 669 runs. But the Red Sox were even better at visiting friendly neighborhood taverns and staying there until the umpire broke up the party with a cheerless call to play ball. The result? Ninth place—and the worst Red Sox win-and-lost percentage since 1912.

It was the seventh successive second-season finish for the Red Sox, but for a change the players were genuinely unhappy about it. "It got so I was ashamed to admit I was a Red Sox," said Yastrzemski. "This has gone far enough," said Radatz. "We shall reform."

"Hallelujah," came the chorus.

While such manifestations of rehabilitation was encouraging, Manager Billy Herman had decided long before that there were going to be more tangible changes made. Peter Maritzella, for instance, was a second baseman who reacted to ground balls with a deft head shake. He countered this with a knack for hitting the ball over the left-field wall that looms up just in back of the infield in Fenway Park. Shortstop Eddie Bresnahan and Third Baseman Frank Malzone had the same attributes. But during a game in Los Angeles last summer, a seed of barley popped into

continued





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Herman's head. Rookie Pheber Jim Lonborg has an excellent sinker ball and he was throwing it with great effectiveness, as was indicated by five straight ground balls hit by Los Angeles batters. And all five went scooting past the Boston infielders.

"That does it," said Herman, racing for the mound. "That was a terrible exhibition."

"I'm sorry, Billy," said Lonborg.

"I don't mean you," said Herman. "I'm talking about that infield."

So, during the off season, Malzone was released, Bressoud was traded to the Mets, and Mantilla was sent to the Astros. To shortstop went Rico Petrocelli, who can amaze you with his inconsistency. But he is quick, and his very strong and very sore throwing arm is sound again. George Smith hit only five home runs with Syracuse and Detroit last year, but he too can move with speed and that is why Herman put him at second base. More in the old muscular tradition are First Basemen Tony Horton, a strapping 21-year-old, and the two rookie third basemen, Joe Foy and George Scott. The barrel-chested Foy was the minor league Player of the Year last season at Toronto (he hit .302, with 14 home runs and 73 runs batted in), and Scott had an even more glittering record (.319, 25 HRs, 94 RBIs) at Pittsfield in the Eastern League.

Before the Red Sox fans could recover from the shock of a young and sprightly infield, Ted Williams unmoved them completely. "You know what the strong suit of this team is going to be?" he asked. "Pitching." Good heavens, this from the vice-president in charge of hitting? Didn't he know the Red Sox had the worst staff in the American League last year? Before the little men in white could stuff Williams into a strait jacket, he quickly pointed to Bob Sadowski and Dan Gossink, two reputable relief pitchers who came from the Braves. As starters, Williams listed Wilson, Lonborg and Dave Morehead, who tossed a no-hitter last season, and then added Jerry Stephenson, a young man who was considered by some very shrewd observers to be the superior of Sam McDowell of the Indians when both were in the Pacific Coast League. Stephenson's weakness appears to be an overpowering urge to prove himself stark raving mad by 1) dyeing his hair green, 2) sinking up a conversation with a downtown Denver lamppost and 3) demonstrating to Herman that his arm was sore by heaving a ball 400 feet. "I don't talk to lampposts anymore," Stephenson said this spring. Hallelujah.

**OUTLOOK** Leopards don't change their spots, and the Red Sox don't seem likely to reform all that much. "Don't get caught" seems more the idea they are pushing this season. But they may get caught by the Athletics and finish 10th.

END

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Cassius Marcellus Clay Jr., a man-child as prejudiced as the stiff-necked bigots he professes to detest, was unusual almost from the day he was born. Sensitive, troubled and inequitable, he was dominated by a father who was a miniature volcano. But he was also influenced by a clan of hardworking, talented relatives

## **GROWING UP SCARED IN LOUISVILLE**

by JACK OLSEN

Cassius Jr.'s life to me was an unusual one from other Children, and he is still Unusual to day," his mother, Odessa Grady Clay, observed in a handwritten biographical sketch of her son, the world heavyweight boxing champion. Mrs. Clay might have said that the whole family is unusual. For one thing, although they are Negroes, they claim to be directly descended from Henry Clay, "the great arbitrator," that troubled and perplexing figure in American history. "Henry Clay was Cassius' great-great-grandfather, and that's no family legend," says the fighter's aunt, Mrs. Mary Clay Turner, a mathematics teacher in a Louisville junior high school. "My mother and daddy told us about Henry

Clay, and he left my grandfather a lot of money when he died." On young Clay's maternal side there is another white man in his lineage: the champion's great-grandfather was an Irishman named Grady. On top of her bureau Odessa Grady Clay keeps a photograph of the Irishman's mulatto son, her father; the fading portrait shows a dignified-looking man with light skin, long hair and pale eyes. "He looked exactly like a white man," said Odessa, who is a pale golden color herself.

The fact that he is at least three-sixteenths white does not please black supremacist Cassius Clay Jr., also known as Muhammad Ali. "My white blood came from the slave masters, from rap-

ing," he once explained to a racially mixed audience. "The white blood harms us, it hurts us. When we was darker, we was stronger. We was purer."

It is not too fanciful to suppose that the Clays of Louisville (Cassius Clay's father and mother and multitudes of uncles and aunts and his 33 cousins) might be waltzing to Lester Lanin or working on charity drives in Louisville's highest society if they were of another color. Flair and energy and a degree of class emanate from almost all of them, down to the smallest children of the clan. There is hardly an adult Clay who does not hold at least two jobs and dabble in a variety of hobbies and outside interests such as panzing and Haydn and cabinetmaking and geometric function theory. Your Clays of Louisville are a strong family, alert and active, bright-eyed and intelligent, quick as... *eastward*

*Clay family gallery includes a pencil sketch by Cassius Sr. of his 12-year-old boxer son, Cassius' parents in the kitchen of the house he bought for them, his schoolteacher aunt, Mary Clay Turner, early trainer Sergeant Joe Morris, brother Rudolph and Mrs. Clay's father, named Grady.*

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chepunks. But, most of all, they are a proud family. Pride is the common denominator of the meatcutting Clay, the signpainting Clay, the schoolteaching Clay, the haircutting Clay and, almost to a fault, the prizefighting Clay.

"There was a lot of trouble, bad trouble, between his father and mother," one of Cassius Clay's early backers recalls, "but Cassius would hush his tongue before he'd mention it. He had too much pride. When he was fighting preflims on salary, he suddenly told Angelo Dundee that he had to have the money to go home right away, all the way back to Louisville from Miami. He'd gotten word his mother and father were gonna split up, and he was gonna go back and stop it. But Angelo was the only person he told, because Angelo wasn't gonna let him leave without knowing the reason. It's a very attractive quality in Cassius, not talking about his personal troubles. He'd talk about his ambitions and dreams but not his problems. Those were kept inside as a matter of family pride. They still are."

Pride motivates the Clays of Louisville on many levels. It has motivated some of them right through college, others to spend long hours in self-improvement courses at home, all of them to keep their houses a little cleaner, a little neater than the next man's. Aunt Coretta Clay, a short, bright sparrow of a woman who was a factor in Cassius' upbringing, says, "There's some people that say colored people are plain old lazy, they don't want anything. You put new houses for 'em on this street and in no time it's just gonna be all slummed up again, because they don't care. Well, you should have seen this house when we moved into it in 1940—no trees, no paint, yand had nothing in it, no grass, no anything. The brick was just black with dirt, the mortar was old and rotten, and Cassius' granddaddy was living then and he taught us, and we put on overalls after we finished work every day and we would scrape all the old mortar out and we got some tools and we tuck-pointed the whole place. About seven of us at home then, and we did the whole thing in about six weeks. And then we plastered and papered the inside."

While Coretta Clay spoke in the front room of her frame house in Louisville's West End, the matriarch of the family, 75-year-old Mrs. Herman Clay, busied herself at the end of a broom, sweeping

up dust that was not evident to the naked eye. "The Clays don't spend much time sitting around," said Coretta. "We're all active. I don't mean to be braggin'." She offered some of her nutty fudge, one of the treats she makes ("anything that'll make you fat") and sells to neighborhood kids. "My nutty fudge won a blue ribbon at the Kentucky State Fair," she said with typical Clay pride. "Second premium, culinary, 1964." She shifted to a note of regret. "They said I woulda won first prize, but I put nuts on the inside and outside, and they were just supposed to be on the inside only." Whenever a Clay fails to win first prize, you are going to hear an explanation.

**M**rs. Odessa Clay's biography of her son, the fighter, continued in ink on three-hole lined notebook paper: "When a baby he would never sit down. When I would take him for a stroll in his stroller, he would always stand up and try to see every thing. The only thing he was afraid of when a Baby was a fur piece. He tried to talk at a very early age, he tried so hard He learn to walk at 10 months old. When he was one year Old he would love for some One to rock him to sleep, if not he would sit in a Chair and keep bumping his head on the back of the Chair until he would go to sleep. He did not want you to dress him or undress him. He would always cry. He wanted to feed himself when very young. At the age of 2 years old he always got up at 5 O'Clock in the morning and throw every thing Out of the Dresser's draw and leave the things in the Middle of the floor. He loved to play in water. He loved to talk a lots and love to eat, loved to climb up on things. He would not play with his toys. He would take all the Pots and pan Out of the Cabinet and beat on them. He Could beat on any thing and get rythm. When a very small Child he walked upon his toes. By doing this he has Well developed Arch's, and that is why he is so fast on his feet."

Odessa Grady Clay is not a Clay by birth, but she has absorbed some Clay-ness through the years. A kindly, endearing woman who is always fighting weight and losing, she discourses on her son Cassius as though she were talking about George Washington, and she can go for hours telling the kind of stories only a mother could love.

"Yes, sir, what I wrote there, it's perfectly true," she said in her high, mellifluous voice, with some of her sentences ending, Southern-belle style, on a rising inflection. "He walked way up on his toes, and he didn't quit that tippin' till he was 5 years old, and his grandfather said, 'Odessa, he's marking you walking in high-heeled shoes!' He'd go was up on his toes? Oh, he was a unusual child all his life. So if people will read his early life they'll understand why he is like he is, I guess. He was queer? You never did see a child like him before. He was somethin' else! Whoo-ee!"

Odessa shook her head with the wonder of it all. "When he was young he always wanted to play with children that were older, and he wanted to be the boss," she continued. "And he called his little brother, Rudolph, his baby? If I had to whip Rudolph, Cassius'd run and hit me and say, 'Don't you whip my baby?' And he'd put his arms around Rudolph and walk him away and say to him, 'She better let you alone.'"

"He was always a talker. He tried to talk so hard when he was a baby. He used to jabber so, you know? And people'd laugh and he'd shake his face and jabber so fast? I don't see how anybody could talk so fast, just like lightning. And he never sat still. He was in the bed with me at 6 months old and you know how babies stretch? And he had little muskle arms and he hit me in the mouth when he stretched and it loosened my front tooth and it affected my other front tooth and I had to have both of 'em pulled out. So I always say his first knockout punch was in my mouth."

"He had so much strength he'd stand up in his baby bed and shake it, and one morning he stood up and said to me, 'Gee Gee,' and that's what we all call him now. And later on in life he said he was trying to tell me 'Gee Gee' for 'Golden Gloves.'"

"When he and Rudy did little mischievous things I'd tell his father and he'd say, 'Get in the bathroom' Cassius Jr. would always go in first and get his spanking and go right back out and do something else. He's something! I'm telling you! And love to eat?" She paused to laugh. "And one day his uncle took him out and a little boy was sitting in a chair and you know what Cassius did? He walked up to the little boy and knocked him out of the chair and he got in it and sat. He was a very unusual child."

"The neighbors used to call him and Rudy 'the gang-wreckin' crew' 'cause they'd go to visit his grandmother and run through every room in the house. They would run instead of walking. One day when Cassius was a little boy he chopped down our plum tree. Of all the trees it had to be that one. Made his daddy so mad! And he was always trying to frighten us. He would tie a string onto our bedroom curtain and run it to his room and pull it to make it move after we went to bed. And he'd put white sheets over his head and jump out at you in the dark. And he never was sick a day in his life, except when he had measles and chickenpox at the same time. Ever hear of a child having both at the same time?"

Cassius Clay Jr. is less likely to carry on about the minutiae of his childhood, being more concerned with the sublime events of his later years. But, when he does start reminiscing, his memories often tend to have a black thread of discomfort and pain running through them.

"We got into the house and the first thing I did was to run through the house and into the backyard," he said one day, trying to dredge up his earliest memory, "and there was an apple tree there and I climbed up and my mother told me to get down, and I pulled a green apple off of it and started eating it, and my mother told me, 'You'll get the flux!' Some kinda disease you get. Some people die from it. Wait a minute! I may go back farther than that."

"I remember when we lived right across the street from Churchill Downs on the corner of the alley. There was a little white girl named Judy used to live down the street from us, and we used to run up and down the alley and play all the time. Used to be a boy named Rudolph we used to be scared of. Every Derby Day we would look out the window, and he would be parking people's cars. And there was another boy named Gunny, walked with his head in the air all the time. We afraid of him, too."

Clay's childhood memories tend toward the negative, with overtones of violence; boys who frightened him, foods that were poisonous, rock fights that were dangerous. But there is another source of violence that he never brings into the open: the violence in his home.

"I don't know whether you can understand it, being a white yo'self," said a very old friend of the Clays, "but there's

more apt to be a violent strain in a smart Negro family than there is in a dumb one. Dumb Negroes go their way like animals, just like dumb whites. Don't know whether the rain fallin' or the sun shinin'. Don't care. But the smart Negro could feel the pain of what was happenin' around him, and at the same time there wasn't a thing he could do about it, 'cept he could make it worse. So all this pain he kept bottled up inside, and he became quietly violent, and sometimes this passed on down to the kids. And every once in a while somebody'd shake the whole soda bottle and it'd explode right out in the open."

Violence in the Clay line seems to have exploded first in the case of the fighter's uncle, Everett, a mysterious figure whose demise appears to have come about in as many different ways as there are Clays to tell the story. Says Mary Clay Turner: "Everett Clay, Everett the poet. He was very poetic, the most intelligent member of the family. He worked problems at Indiana University that no one else could, unsolvable problems." How did he die? "Everett just died. Very young, around 30. Everett worried too much. He had a nervous stomach."

Says Cassius Sr., Everett's brother: "He didn't die, he got rid of himself. The smartest one in the family, he died at 28, got rid of himself. My daddy said Everett was too smart. He was a mathematician. He went to college and he led all the way through. But he was insanely jealous."

A Louisville schoolteacher who lived a few doors from the elder Clays talks about the dead brother: "Everett Clay was a wild man. He didn't care how big you were, he'd fight, and he wasn't big himself at all. Strange man. Wore his hair long. He'd just fly into people." According to the schoolteacher, Everett and his wife both died violently.

One of the first to realize that a tinge of violence may have touched the home life of young Cassius Clay was Patrolman Joe Martin of the Louisville Police Department, the boy's first boxing coach. "It wasn't long before I knew the kid was scared to death of his father," Martin recalls. "I never got involved, but the fact I was a police officer must have bothered the old man. Years later, when Cassius was 18, we were all at Wilson Wyatt's office in Louisville to sign a contract for me to manage Cassius and train him. One of the lawyers took me

aside and said, 'I hate to tell you this, but old man Clay will not sign any contract with your name on it.' I said, 'Why, what's he got against me?' and the lawyer said, 'Either it's because he thinks you've done something for his son that he couldn't do or because you're a police officer.' Later I read that the old man didn't like cops in general and me in particular."

The Clay family signed later with the Louisville Sponsoring Group, 11 wealthy citizens who took Cassius on almost as an act of civic pride. One of the original members of the group recalls an unpleasant note at the signing: "There was Rudy, Cassius and Mrs. Clay, all dolled up. We said, 'Are you ready?'"

"And she said, 'Well, Cassius Sr. isn't here.' And we said we'd wait a few minutes, and we waited and he didn't show. So we said we would have to go ahead without the father."

"And Mrs. Clay said, 'Oh, no, I couldn't do that.'"

"Why not?"

"Oh, he wants to be here."

"Well, where is he?"

"Well, I don't know."

"And Cassius Jr., who sometimes shows great maturity, called us over to one side and said, 'She's afraid of him. If we go on without him there might be trouble.' This was our first inkling of the situation at home."

The situation at home was volatile. Cassius Sr., a signpainter with minor artistic talents and a major taste for gin, engaged in periodic scuffles with his drinking companions, his wife and even his sons. "He couldn't fight a lick," a friend described the senior Clay, "but as soon as he'd have too many drinks he'd take on anybody. And when he wasn't drinking there wasn't a nicer guy in Louisville. Tip his hat and everything!"

More than once Odessa Clay had her husband brought into court for roughing her up. Cassius Sr. was also picked up for reckless driving, disorderly conduct, assault and battery, always after he had been drinking. As another old friend put it, "The father isn't a criminal or even an evil man. He's just a frustrated little guy who can't drink. He never served any time and he never will. Usually they put him under a security bond to keep the peace. If he'd lay off the gin, the police'd never hear from him again!"

Whatever fine distinctions can be made about the elder Clay's peccadilloes,

*continued*

Cassius Jr. and Rudolph Arnett Clay grew up in an atmosphere of impending explosion (although each swears, with hot Clay pride, that his childhood was happy and peaceful). Cassius Jr. was not unmarked by the tension around him. A Louisville policeman remembers a call at the Clays' frame house on Grand Street:

"We got a report of either a cutting or a fight or something like that. We got there, and Cassius had a cut on his thigh. His father wasn't there. Mrs. Clay was raising—you know how women are. Cassius spoke up and said, 'My name is Cassius Clay and I'm a boxer under Joe Martin.' I stuck my neck out. I should have turned a report into police headquarters, but I failed to do it, due to the fact I said to myself, 'Well, there ain't gonna be no prosecution anyway.' So I said to the mother, 'Now look, take him to your own doctor or take him to the hospital, and if you want to, go up and take out a malicious cutting warrant.'"

For the next three or four days Patrolman Joe Martin, who disgorged coins from parking meters during the day and trained amateur boxers at night, wondered why his star pupil, Cassius Clay, failed to show at the gym. "He was usually the first one to get there and the last to leave," Martin said. "Finally he came in, and he was all patched up where he'd been cut. I asked him how he hurt himself, and he said he fell on a milk bottle."

Before he stumbled on boxing, young Cassius appears to have spent some time running with street gangs. His father said, "Whatever neighborhood I'd move into, he would take up with the wrong gang. I had a hard time keeping him away from them gangs."

"Oh, yes," Cassius, the champion, said later in his usual wild hyperbole. "I had the baddest street gang in Louisville. We carried pistols and shotguns and raced hot rod cars, and we dranked and we got drunk and we went out having gang wars, shooting machine guns. . . ."

In fact, the gang period was not so dramatic as that, nor did it last long. One night, when Cassius was a skinny 12-year-old, his new bicycle was stolen, and someone directed him to Patrolman Joe Martin and, inadvertently, to boxing. That was the end of "the baddest street gang in Louisville."

From then on young Clay went on a training regimen so intense and so rigid that it baffled the adults around him:

Up at 5 a.m. for roadwork, followed by a day of school, followed by an evening of boxing in the gym. On Saturday nights he boxed on a local television show run by Patrolman Martin. There was no time for gangs, and little time for home.

"From the age of 12 he just lived at that gym," says his Aunt Coretta. Says another relative: "Cassius was looking for a refuge, and he found it in boxing." The champion's own version of his mad dash into boxing is as follows:

"Well, it's all I could really do. I saw there was no future in getting a high school education or even a college education. There was no future 'cause I knew too many that had 'em and were laying around on the corners. A boxer has something to do every day. Go to the gym, put on my gloves and box. . . . There wasn't nothing to do in the streets. The kids'd throw rocks and stand under the street lights all night, running in and out of juke joints and smoking and slipping off and drinking, nothing to do. I tried it a little bit, used to try, wasn't nothing else to do till the boxing."

Prizelighting also gave Cassius more promising ingredients for his dreams. "Lunch hours and times like that I'd imagine I could hear my name announced as the champion of the world. One night I heard Rocky Marciano fighting on the radio, and all the excitement! 'The heavyweight champion of the world!' Marciano hit him with a left!' 'Marciano connects with a right!' 'Now the champion of the world comes out!' And it sounded so big and powerful and exciting. Here I was, a little Louisville boy riding around on a bicycle, no money, half hungry, hearing about this great man, Marciano."

"And boxing made me feel like somebody different. The kids used to make fun of me: 'He thinks he's gonna be a fighter. He ain't never gonna be nothing.' But I always liked attention and publicity, and I used to race the school bus and beat it in 28 blocks. Attracting attention, showmanship, I liked that the most. And pretty soon I was the popular kid in high school. The other boys used to walk around with the school jackets on, and I'd walk with my jacket on, NATIONAL GOLDEN GLOVES CHAMPION. That was a big thing. U.S. champion, and then I had WORLD OLYMPIC CHAMPION. I used to sit in school before I won the Golden Gloves and just draw the back of a jacket and write NATIONAL GOLDEN GLOVES CHAMP on it, and

then I would write WORLD OLYMPIC GOLD MEDAL WINNER on it, and then I would sign my autograph—'Cassius Clay, World Heavyweight Champion.' I used to do all that, just wishing one day that I could do it for real."

No one will ever know the exact extent to which young Clay's home situation steered him toward the world championship. The immediate family is not talking. The official version of the childhood of Cassius and his brother Rudolph is that all was joy, and most of the other relatives are like Aunt Coretta, who intones faithfully: "People don't understand him, but we do, because we lived with him. His image to us is different from the public's. If they knew him, they'd let up on him. They think he's arrogant and insubordinate. But he's a very nice boy."

Aunt Mary Clay Turner, pugnacious, blunt and unpretentious, discussed the subject one evening at her small home on the outskirts of Louisville, her stockings rolled to just below the knee, drinking Yellowstone bourbon from a half-pint bottle wrapped in paper, sitting alongside a stack of books on set-point topology and geometric function theory ("I'm taking a course in that mess right now," she explained). In a bedroom, one son was practicing guitar and another was finishing an oil painting. Out on the front sidewalk young Roger, "my scientist," examined the craters of the moon through a 60-mm. 240-power refracting telescope, while the remaining three children were loudly involved in television, to their mother's annoyance.

"Here," she said, offering glasses and bourbon all around. "Pour yo' own trouble. I have it every Friday night to relax after teaching school all week." She talked about Cassius in admiring terms. "He said he was gonna do all these different things and he did them. That's why we were so proud of him." What had happened to turn him into such a sour public figure? Aunt Mary hesitated.

"There are certain things. . . . A story stops someplace, you know? If I told the whole story they'd all give me the bad eye when I go to school. But I know why he acts the way he does. I don't blame him. I'm just speaking of a number of events, not just one thing. Numerous events. Our family has it figured, what happened to him. The papa has it figured, too. He knows. But the papa never would say anything. . . ."



Aunt Mary made it clear that she was not excusing anybody or setting up any cheap alibis. "All kids are affected by what happens with their parents," she said. "But some children try to rise above it. I work with those kind of kids whose parents knock each other down, drag each other out. The kid comes to school with a big old knot on his arm or he comes with a big welt on his head, and he makes up his mind he's gonna overcome it. And that means you have to be strong. If you're weak, stay home!"

"I remember the day I told my mother I wanted to go to college. 'Well, if you go, you'll go over my dead body,' cause Everett went and he didn't do nothing with the education," I said. "Well, just give me \$10 and I'll get the rest." I put an ad in the paper asking for work and I worked clear through school. You have to be strong in your own way." Aunt Mary paused. "Here," she said. "You want to cut it with water?"

Y'all like to have a little gin highball while we talk?" Odessa Grady Clay asked. "Well, I'll just sit here with you and have one. I'm on a diet." She sat on the sofa in the red-brick bungalow her son had bought in an all-Negro section of suburban Louisville called Mont Clair Villa, a sort of sepiu Levittown laid out like a Monopoly board on flat, dreary farmland. Snow temporarily muffled the two Cadillacs in the driveway, "his" and "hers," hand-me-downs from Cassius Jr. If Mrs. Clay was aware of the racial cliché expressed by two big Cadillacs sitting in the driveway of a little \$17,000 home in a Negro neighborhood, she did not let on. The radio was loud and wailing at its permanent spot on the dial, WAKY Louisville. The background music consisted of an ear-splitting outfit called Sam the Sham & the Pharaohs, whose gal was red-hot and hot the spot, or something to that effect. Mrs. Clay did not seem to notice the din; it is constant, and the Clays adjust hearing and speech to it. She sat calmly, a fleshy lady with conspicuous rouge and lipstick, starkly penciled eyebrows and lightly pomaded black hair. She was wearing a pair of velvet pedal pushers and several layers of light material around her shoulders, like a Hindu princess. When she laughed—which was often, in rich and contagious tones, one could see the gold edges around the two front

teeth that were replacements for the ones Cassius damaged when he was a baby.

Her husband, Cassius Marcellus Clay Sr., a miniature volcano of a man, strode into the room bearing documents. "Here's a picture of me when I was younger!" he said in his staccato, out-of-breath manner, words tumbling over one another, making him difficult to understand. "Doesn't I look like an Arabian? All my features are Arabian. I got an Arabian book here. My sister gave me this book 20 years ago. I study it to find out what's going on in the world. Here, look at this!" A picture of a flock of sheep was captioned: "These sheep follow their leader blindly. They do not know where they are going. They cannot choose a way for themselves."

"That's Cassius and all of Elijah Muhammad's followers right there!" the father said excitedly, gulping for breath. "Read it again! Ain't that Muhammad's followers?" He laughed uproariously.

Mrs. Clay said, "When their father showed that to the boys they got so mad! But then they have a good answer."

"Yeh," Cassius Sr. said. "They sound like a broken record. They say the white man wrote that." The Clays laughed together.

Cassius Clay Sr. is a quicksilver little man, the leading player on any stage he visits, a man who does not mind telling you that he is the hippest, the wisest and the coolest. "I always wondered where the champion got his quick ad lib," Manager Angelo Dundee once said, "and then I ran into his father on the street, and I knew. His father looked like a young jitterbug himself, agiles, in the same shape as a young man and just as sharp." Cassius Sr. is several shades darker than his son, and almost as handsome. Unlike Cassius Jr., the father has a flat Negroid nose and wears a slightly lopsided mustache. His face is well-chiseled, his eyes deeper and black, his short dark hair receding only slightly and hardly graying despite his 53 years. But his most memorable characteristic is his manner of speech. He huffs and snorts and says "ummm" loudly. His arguments take the form of loud outbursts accompanied by agitated wavings of the arms. He stutters and swallows and bucks up and repeats and runs into the bathroom to spit. He has no speech defect, except an uncontrollable urge to be heard right now. But just when you become convinced that he is about to lose all control of

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himself, Cassius Sr. breaks into a laugh, a big old rapscallion laugh and, like his namesake, makes you wonder which parts of his diatribe were real and which parts were not. There is a childlike quality to the man, and something of the bohemian artist laughing at reality. Much of his life has been spent on the brink of make-believe, but no one knows for sure whether he is kidding himself or kidding the people watching him.

"Old Cassius has claimed to be a sheik, a Mexican, a Hindu, always something way out," says an old friend. "At one time he wore a great big hat with tassels on it and a shawl across his shoulder. He was being a sheik then. He never was a Moslem, but he did say he was an Arab and an Indian from India or something. At noon he used to get down off his painting ladder, and in his little box he had a carpet and he'd put this carpet down and bow to the east and then bow to the west. When he was in his Mexican period he'd even lie down and pretend he was taking his siesta. Later on, he was a troubadour, singing in the streets. People'd be trying to sleep, one, 2 in the morning. They'd say, 'Here comes Cassius!' He used to sing at nightclubs if they'd let him, or in the streets if they wouldn't. Love to sing!"

Now, striding about his living room, mixing and remixing frequent infusions of gin and Squirr, Cassius Sr. looked more like a 20th century jazz musician. Lean and loose and light on his feet, the type of man who wears clothes well, he had on black slacks that hugged his body and a knitted sport shirt in broad vertical stripes of red, gray and black.

"I hate those kid singers," the father said, apropos the radio. "Now that guy that sings *Cryin' Time*—what's his name?—Ray Charles. He's something else! Dean Martin's my singer, man!" Then, with no trace of a warning, Cassius Sr. skipped onstage, front and center, and began to sing: "I'm looking for an angel . . . to croon my love songs to . . ."

His voice was warm and on key, with an oversize vibrato and a slight husky quality and trace elements of other Negro voices: Nat Cole, Joe Williams, Billy Eckstine, Herb Jeffries. "But until the day that you come along, I'll sing my song to you." He got the words mixed up, backed off and tried again, giggling once with nervousness but dead serious, and finished on a triumphant high note to polite applause. "Wait-a-minute-wait-

a-minute-wait-a-minute!" he said, in about half a second, and launched into a whistling reprise full of double-stops, glissandos and grace notes.

When he came up for air, Cassius Sr. asked if he could sing one more. He sang three: *We Can't Go On This Way*, taking special pains with the release, "Hiding behind the mask of laughter . . .," which he pronounced "The mask of loffer," *Romance and Careless*.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Clay was chatting merrily away about her son the prizefighter. "Wait a minute!" Cassius Sr. said. "Let me break in, make an entrance!" He ducked into the kitchen, came running out in the mince style affected by some nightclub singers, extended his arms like Bobby Breen and began: "Careless, now that you've got me loving you." At the end he was breathing hard, clearing his throat and gulping and still trying to talk.

He was asked if Cassius Jr. could sing. "Cassius? My brother? I mean, my son? If he kept on, he could sing. All of them, when they start out they're nothing. Nat King Cole was nothing when he started out. And Dean Martin was nothing. Frank Sinatra was sickening! Cassius is a good singer, but none of 'em got a voice like I got. But he's a good singer. Not as good as me, but he's good. His voice got to be cultivated. Rudy can sing. But none of 'em got a voice like I got. They can't whistle like I can. 'Cause I can whistle! *Indow Love Cuff*, all them kind of songs."

The conversation veered suddenly from music to religion, and Senior stated his personal position without prompting: "I'm a Methodist, and I'll be a Methodist till the day I die! 'Cause my mother took me there and had me christened when I was 6 months old. And anything my mother did I know was right, because I was born from my mother and if it wasn't for my mother I wouldn't be here. And I wouldn't change my name for nobody. Because my mother named me Cassius Clay."

His fast delivery grew faster, and he jumped to his feet. "My mother brought me up, and she's the cause of me being where I'm at today. My mother had a talent and I was it, and it's been brought out to the world and my soul! My mother wanted me to be a musician. She did everything to make me a musician."

Without breaking stride, he said suddenly, "Eh, now wait now, what about

some money before we start talking about Cassius here? I'm gonna give you a heck of a story, starting off now. There's got to be some money. This story's gonna be worth millions, because it's Cassius Clay's life. The greatest fighter ever produced. The greatest contract ever written was written by Cassius Clay Sr., and it was handled in Louisville by honest men, rich men. . . . So where's the money? I'm a money man. I'm crazy for money! I need money!"

Both the senior Clays share with their prizefighting son the conviction that the mere mention of his name is worth barrels of cash. They are certain that a book about him would be an instant bestseller, articles about him would automatically double any magazine's circulation and food products that used his name would drive competition off the market overnight. "We're gonna make a lot of money in advertising," the father said. "You know, endorsements? So we don't want to spoil that by giving away the names of foods he ate, things he drank. So we'll just say in his life story, 'I believe he was a born champion, waiting to be cultivated. And one great cultivation was Pet Milk!'"

"No, no," Mrs. Clay interrupted. "We won't name the milk, we'll just say 'the milk his mother gave him.' And we'll say, 'His favorite baby food, he loved and ate so much of it.' But we can't gonna give the name of it. Then we can sell advertisements to them later."

But it is not possible for Cassius Clay Sr. to keep up an interest for any length of time in subjects other than Cassius Clay Sr., and soon he was taking the visitors on a guided tour of the basement room he had refinished. It was a sprawling room, paneled in plywood and dominated by four glassed-in pillars, which threw a dull ochreous light from their insards, a type of illumination seen in some taverns and a few nightclubs in Tijuana. On the walls he had affixed wooden musical notes and a G-clef sign, a handful of wooden playing cards and two wooden pairs of dice with the spots placed incorrectly. In a corner were a dusty 27-inch television set, a stereo radio, another television set and a phonograph, all relics of the days when the big money was flowing.

In another corner, lined up against the wall, were several of Cassius Sr.'s oil

paintings: rural scenes of a flashy quality, one showing metallic red glows in the clouds and purplish snow over the land, another of a red barn, an old carriage waiting outside and a carriage wheel propped against the wall. He plugged in two motorized spotlights with revolving colored lenses—orange, red, blue, green—and allowed the artificial color to splash over his paintings.

"Sumpin', isn't it?" he said proudly. "Now it's sunset, about 5:30 in the evening." The disc turned. "Now it's nighttime. Now watch! The sun's coming up. Wait a minute now. It's the middle of the day!" He said he likes to come into the basement, pull up a chair and study the effects of the colored wheel on his paintings. "When I put on my exhibition downtown, I'm gonna use these lights," he said. "Course, I still have some more paintings to do for my one-man show. I'm gonna paint the *Mona Lisa*, bring it out a little, highlight it, make her stand out. . . ." It was all reminiscent of Dali's *Mona Lisa with Mustache*, with up art overtones.

"Some of my best work can't be shown," the father went on proudly. "My murals are in every new church in Louisville. They're beautiful, aren't they, Peaches?" Mrs. Clay said they were beautiful. "Now in Cunningham's church I have five scenes," he rushed on. "*The Conception, The Birth, The Baptism, The Crucifixion and Jesus Knocks at Your Door*. That's your heart, the door is your heart."

Back upstairs, Mrs. Clay tried to steer the conversation to the subject of her son. "Do you remember how he used to chase chickens?" she said.

"He used to chase my chickens," the father said. "I used to have 500 chickens. You know what I can do? I can raise 90 chickens out of 100. That's sumpin', ain't it? A farmer asked me to explain how I did that. I said, 'That's my secret!' " He sat straight up, a little peacock, and accepted the group's admiration modestly. But a few minutes later he became enraged, momentarily, when someone said that his son was talking about writing an autobiography under his Muslim name, Muhammad Ali.

"I understand the whole thing!" the father said, rushing about the room snorting and sniffing angrily. "I dig now! I dig now! What they're trying to do is erase that name out, *Cassius Clay*. That name's gonna be pushed! That name

shall not die! Now look! Yns and I're gonna write a book, too. It's gonna be on *Cassius Clay Jr.* It'll be called!"—his voice lowered to a dramatic whisper—"A *Boxer Was Born*."

"Now remember this," he went on, back in high gear. "In anything you write about me, do not mention Elijah Muhammad's name. You know why? Every knock is a boost. He wants advertisements. I'm not advertising Muhammad. If Cassius tells you anything about Muhammad, just take it in your head, but don't write it! Don't help Muhammad in no kind of way. It'll make him mad if you don't write about him!"

"Little Cassius was in Louisville for Christmas," Mrs. Clay said at her earliest opportunity to break in. "Him and Stepin Fetchit, they stayed at the Sheraton downtown. Cassius and Rudolph have a nice room here, but he stayed downtown. Cassius's in town right now. With Joe Louis. He came out to visit us, but he only stayed 25 minutes, kept a cab waiting outside in the driveway. He hasn't been back since. He's been told to stay away from his father because of the religious thing, and I imagine they've told him to stay away from me, too. Muslims don't like me because I'm too fair-complected."

"They keep him away from me," the father said. "They know I could bring him right back to the church. They tell him he can't stay around his parents."

The phone rang, and Senior took the call. "Hello?" he said, and, "Just a minute." He ran into the living room excitedly and told Odessa *sotto voce*, "It's Cassius!" She took the phone and spoke to her son with consensate tenderness, addressing him softly as "Baby," while the father whispered to his guests, "That's Cassius now." Odessa hung up, and Senior asked what their son had said. "He's on his way to visit Coretta," she said. "They're making hamburgers. He says he's very happy, very happy."

"He'll get away from them eventually," the father said. "Yeh, he's doing better all the time," he said.

"He'll get away. A man can't stay on the wrong road too long, am I right?" the father asked. He poured drinks all around and began quoting loudly, "Drink and be merry, for tomorrow we all die," rolling his Rs and affecting an English accent. "Who know what to

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LUCKY OPEN	55	29	29
HALF SPRINGS	211	28	28
HOLLYWOOD OPEN	40	27	27
TUCSON OPEN	72	27	27
PGA SENIORS	200	26	26
PENNSACOLA	54	26	26
DORAL OPEN	39	26	26
FLORIDA CITRUS OPEN	50	27	27
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morrow will bring? It may bring rain, death [dramatic pause] or happiness. As we share this last drink, we share this last drink in blood. Let's share it together. I came not this time to praise thee, but this time to conquer thee." Potentially he explained, "That was Brutus, come to Caesar. He was Caesar's best friend, you know?"

Then, his hands trembling with excitement and his words spilling out faster than ever, he told about his project for the future: a combined factory, restaurant and whatnot shop, all incorporated under the name Clay Enterprises. "I want to do something like that so I can just be the supervisor, and I'll be helping my people a lot," he said. "They need jobs. A place with a name like that, Clay's Enterprises, it's got to go over big. He's trying to rub that name out, and I'm gonna make it strong! You dig? Don't forget, I'm the original Cassius Clay. He's just a branch!"

"We'll have Clay's Kitchens, right out there in the country, won't have so much overhead, have the factory right on the farm. Peaches and I will supervise, and I'll make chili and creole lunch. Peaches'll make homemade cake and pies."

And now everyone was invited into Cassius Sr.'s white Cadillac convertible, vintage 1961, for a guided tour of his signpainting accomplishments around Louisville. The car was cold, and a rasping noise came from under the hood while the broken speedometer needle spun wildly. The heater was out of order, the cigarette lighter was defunct and the horn honked whenever Senor made a turn. Used cigarettes littered the car, and when the father finished another one, he ground it out on the edge of the glove compartment and stuffed it in a crack in the dash. He was singing *This Is a Lovely Way to Spend an Evening*, and he was garish with a red hat, red plaid sport jacket, ankle boots of soft black leather and a black-and-white houndstooth-check car coat. As we tooted toward town, he cleared his throat and treated his captive audience to a heavily stylized rendition of *St. James Infirmary Blues*, leaning heavily on the Hot Lips Page version, and tacked on a snappy whistle reprise.

He stopped abruptly at a red light. "Don't want no traffic tickets, don't want to have to bust no cop in the mouth!" He laughed. "I'm the guy that always want to bust the cop in the mouth

[more laughter at himself] and he's the one with the two guns and the stick, and I want to bust him! Had an older brother did that to two cops, took away their guns and sticks and beat 'em up."

He made a quick turn across two lanes of oncoming traffic as the light was changing, and Odessa said from the back seat. "You can't cut those cars off like that, Cassius! You'll get us hit that way!" "You gotta cut 'em off," the father said. "This is the atomic age, Peaches! Judgment Day 'round the bend! You back in another age." He whispered, "When she crosses the street, it takes her all day."

Suddenly he hit the brakes again. "There!" he said. "That's my work right there!" He pointed proudly to a dumpy little barroom hearing an artistic inscription on the outside wall: "MIXED DRINKS FORD COLD BEER WINKER BY THE DOOR." Other signs followed in wearying succession, all of them in more or less the same style, florid, highly visible, workmanlike. It was like driving around Chicago all day with Miles van der Robe, looking in Barcelona chairs. "Now, I'll show you a beautiful job," he said, pointing to an elaborate sign: "JOYCE'S BARBER SHOP, specializing in processing, shoeshine," done in silver-white and red, and topped off with a portrait, painted on the inside of the glass, of a well-groomed dark-skinned man with a handsome head of hair.

"Now, I'll show you some big work," said Senior, pointing to: "PACIFIC PLYWOOD PRODUCTS CO., 1299 12 St. the plywood supermarket." "Thrive, Rudolph and Cassius helped me on when Cassius was 16," he said. Signs and signs and signs followed, the monuments to his name, scattered all over town. We drove until dark, the horn still honking willy-nilly, the rasping noise still coming from under the hood, Cassius Sr. still chattering away about Clay Kitchens, Clay Enterprises, the one-man show of his paintings, the imminence of Judgment Day, the dozens of relatives he would put to work, the glory of the name Cassius Marcellus Clay and the vast promise of the future.

Odessa sat in the back quietly.

## NEXT WEEK

Cassius Clay's paradoxical behavior is explained. He is neither the wild man he seems nor the actor some consider him.



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**"The Finest In The Field!"**

It was, to a great extent, on the golf courses of Kuala Lumpur that **Tanku Abdul Rahman** put together plans for the Malaysian Federation back in the early '60s. But, said the Prime Minister while dedicating a new racetrack grandstand last week, there was a time when sport proved to be his undoing. Playing the horses, he said, "was the root cause of my downfall. If it had not been for this weakness, I might have been today a successful lawyer and perhaps a wealthy man—instead of a poor and struggling Prime Minister."

That Paramount Pictures divines theatrical talent in **Sandy Koufax** and **Don Drysdale** must be assumed. But where was it hidden, if it's not impolite to ask, on ABC-TV's *Hollywood Palace* variety show last weekend? Horsing around with **Milton Berle** (below), the two seemed to prove nothing so much as how dependent they are on baseball. But even if their lines were not as coyly convolutive as intended (Berle: "You're not very funny, you know," Koufax: "We're ballplayers—what's your excuse?"), their pay was right up there with what they have come to expect for

seven minutes of their time: \$7,500 each. Still, said Koufax manfully: "I have no misgivings about not being in a movie. I did not really feel that comfortable in front of a camera."

Mentioned repeatedly as a major owner of the new San Francisco-Oakland National Hockey League franchise, **Bing Crosby** disclosed that his holdings in the team were small indeed, and that he had no interest in sitting on the management's board of directors. Said Crosby: "I think they've got a long way to go—at least seven years—before they can achieve the major league stature of the eastern clubs. I'm convinced they'll make it but, for my part, I like hockey mostly as a spectator."

Holy parachutes! What a comedown! The flying were attached to Superman in the Broadway musical parted the other night and 6-foot-7½, 185-pound **Bob Holkey** (who won the role over Olympic Pole Vaulter Don Bragg last fall) fell six feet to the floor. Splat!

"I can't stand bulls," said 29-year-old **Juan Garcia Mondelo** with crisp finality in 1963.

And, so saying, one of Spain's foremost matadors officially shed his suit of lights and donned the white habit of a Dominican monk. "The only real vocation I've ever felt," he said, "is toward the religious life." But, lo, last week Mondelo was back in the ring in Marbella—and so brilliant that the heady crowd carried him out the main gate on its shoulders. Meditative hours in the monastery helped him recover his sense of vocation as a matador, says the ex-novice friar in reexplanation. "I have not lost my deep religious feeling, but now the bulls are squarely in focus—right there in the center of the ring and the center of my life."

While **Snoopy**, the daydreaming shortstop, was blowing an easy infield bloop and Patcher **Charlie Brown** was well on his way to losing the season's first game 123 to 0, Cartoonist **Charles Schulz** was set to musing on some other athletic injustices. "There's something basically wrong with any sport—say football or basketball—that is governed by the clock," said Schulz at his Sebastopol, Calif. ranch—which has a baseball diamond, a tennis court and a four-hole golf course. "Time sets up an artificial situation and detracts from the game." Never much better at baseball than Charlie Brown, Schulz accordingly turned to timeless golf while a schoolboy. "I liked golf even better," he said, "because it didn't require a tryout—and there wasn't any coach always saying you're not good enough or you can't play today."

"None of those chic, tailor-made safari togs for me," said Singer **Kay Starr**. "I'm going to outfit myself at an Army-Navy store." And that goes for everything else connected with her forthcoming trek into the African wild, where there will be no thoughts of makeup and elegant attire. "I really like the outdoors," said Kay. "I have a little Indian blood in me—Cherokee—and I come from Oklahoma,

where there's not an awful lot to do but pop rabbits and go fishing." That doesn't mean she's a fancy hunter. "But anything that comes at me is going to get shot."

His love for afflicted children, said **Sonny Liston** in an outburst of bruised feelings in Seattle, was always misunderstood as sympathy-seeking for himself. "But," said Liston with dour assurance, "I don't need sympathy from nobody." Because, he said, happiness for him lay in children's homes and hospitals such as the one he had just visited in Anchorage, Alaska (below) and the one in Denver where, not long ago, "I picked up a little boy who hugged me and wouldn't let go for nothing. I had to rock him to sleep. And in Boston this home for kids had a dairy. I sat down and milked a cow and drank milk right out of the cow's back. I'd never done that before." Sonny's convictions were plain to see as he summed up: "I don't care if my heart is as hard as a rock. When I see those kids—some can't talk and some can't hear or walk—well, every man has got a tender spot somewhere, a tender spot for something."



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## Two out of three came back

Just a month before the Derby the favorite returned to the races, and two first-rate fillies who may challenge him made their 1966 debuts

Contestants in the grossing game concerning who will run in the Kentucky Derby were offered three fresh clues last week, two at Keeneland and one at Aqueduct.

Graustark, John Galbreath's undefeated winter book favorite, bowed to his sixth straight victory, and Moroccan, Bill Hancock's 1965 filly champion, lost her first start of the season after eight consecutive wins last year. Both raced at Keeneland. In New York, Priceless Gem, Mrs. Ethel Jacobs' fine filly, served notice that she is back at the top of her form. She easily won the Princess at Aqueduct by six lengths, though later she was disqualified for some erratic running early in the race. All three events were at six furlongs, hardly a challenging distance for Derby horses just a month before Churchill Downs, but some valid conclusions may be drawn nonetheless.

Graustark had not raced since February 2 at Hialeah. As Galbreath sug-

gested at the time, the injury to the heel of Graustark's left hind foot may have been a hiving in disguise. He missed the tough campaigning of the Everglades, the Flamingo and the Florida Derby and has now returned to competition in superb condition. In the hours before his race at Keeneland last Saturday the weather ranged from a mild drizzle to biting sleet to a touch of snow, and even to an odd moment of sunshine. Despite the moisture in the track the strip remained lightning-fast, and Graustark ate it up in long lovely strides.

Admittedly, he was in against two fairly ordinary runners in this hellish exhibition. It was inconceivable that either Yonder or Duc d'Elair could beat him on his worst day. What probably was most impressive about Graustark's performance was the facility with which Braulio Haza rated this strapping chestnut son of Ribot for the first part of the sprint and the strength and willingness

continued



PRICELESS GEM WAS AN EASY, GRACEFUL WINNER—BEFORE SHE WAS DISQUALIFIED



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the colt showed in finishing his race and working on out past the wire. Baeza let Due d'Iclair cut out the early pace (first quarter in :22, the half in :45<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>). After the turn for home, he let Graustark collar the leader about half a length short of the eighth pole. Baeza never touched Graustark with the stick as they drew off to win by four lengths in 1:09<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>. They worked out another furlong in 1:22<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> and pulled up after a mile in 1:37.

"There was nothing surprising about it," said one staunch Graustark fan. "He just did today what he's been doing all along."

"I'd say," beamed nervous Trainer Lloyd Gentry, "that Graustark has come back just as good as ever." Baeza agreed. He allowed himself a rare smile as he changed clothes gingerly to avoid unnecessary contact with a couple of sore ribs, and added, "Mr. Gentry has done a remarkable job on this horse. As long as Graustark keeps on, I'll feel just fine, too."

John Galbreath had been just as nervous as Gentry in the paddock before Graustark's race. "Well, it's one of those days again, isn't it?" he said. Half an hour later, when his filly, Sealaway, upset Moccasin at odds of 12 to 1 (Moccasin was 1 to 5), a more relaxed Galbreath added, "Now it looks like *our* day, doesn't it?"

Although she finished fourth, Moccasin was beaten less than two lengths and, for those looking for excuses, there were a few handy ones available. The immediate reaction of the stannied crowd was to agree with Hancock and Trainer Harry Trotsek that Moccasin had received the sort of ride that would hardly serve to qualify Larry Adams for the Jockey's Hall of Fame.

What this gripe was all about was Adams' judgment on the stretch turn, where he elected to seek racing room on the inside and suddenly found himself blocked behind four horses. Moccasin, not always the most alert gate horse, had come out well this time (she was on the outside of her five rivals) but was immediately outrun. As the field went into the far turn, she was dead last and still on the outside. She might have remained there for her run down the lane, but Adams drove for the rail. The fillies in front of Moccasin failed to open up and, by the time Adams got her between two of them and out of the trap he had put himself into, the race was just about over.

Larry Adams rode Moccasin in every one of her eight winning starts on the way to the filly championship a year ago, and therefore must be as qualified to judge her as anyone—even an owner and a trainer sitting in the stands. "We didn't necessarily have had luck, nor do I consider my judgment necessarily bad," he said dolefully in the jock's room later. "The others were running flat out [21<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> and 45<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>] for the first part, and I didn't want to drive her at this stage of the race anyway. On the turn for home she tried to lay in a little, and when she did that I figured she wasn't going to be good enough in this company to stay outside, circle them all and still win. So I let her go inside to save ground. When I finally did get her through between horses, she didn't have enough time to get to the front."

Sealaway was clocked at 1:10<sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub>, as she beat Dutch Maid by three-quarters of a length, with Justakiss another head behind and one length in front of Moccasin. In the champion's defense, it also must be noted that last week's start was her first since winning the Gardena at Garden State last November 6, and she was the only filly of the six starters who had not raced at least once this season. More important than this, perhaps, is the fact that Trotsek has not been training her for sprints but for classic engagements.

Even so, both Hancock and Trotsek were visibly upset by Adams' ride. "He rode like a Chinaman," growled Bull. "I just can't believe it was that bad," Trotsek chimed in. Later that evening, however, as he cooled out over drinks at Lexington's Idle Hour Country Club, Hancock was in a less critical mood. "Adams may have been right," he admitted. "And besides, every horse is going to get beat sooner or later. If Moccasin had to get beat, I'm glad it was in a race like today's instead of a big one. The only important thing, as far as I'm concerned, is that she came out of it sound and well. Nothing else really matters right now."

As friends came up to offer condolences, Bull brought himself all the way back to a smile. "I'll tell you one thing," he boomed across the table, "if you want to bet on the winner of next week's Ashland, put up your money right now!"

Hancock was wisely decided to say nothing further about Moccasin tackling Graustark or any other Derby colt until



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after the April 16 Ashland (also at six furlongs), and until after Graustark makes his mile-and-an-eighth appearance in the April 28 Blue Grass.

In the Pricess, Priceless Gem was a standout. This is the same filly—by Hail To Reason out of the great War Admiral mare, Searching—who upset Buckpasser in last fall's Futurity. After Buckpasser came back and whipped her in the one-mile Champagne, Priceless Gem went to the sidelines with sore shins. She wintered at Santa Anita, but during her return east she suddenly lost weight, as much as 60 pounds. Even last week Trainer Hirsch Jacobs admitted in the paddock, "She looks lighter than she's ever been, and I'm pretty seared."

Maybe Priceless Gem was scared about something, too, for in her first start since October 16 she set a convoy course out of the gate that could have been disastrous for many in the six-horse field. Breaking from the inside, she quickly bore out and slammed into Opden Phripp's My Boss Lady, who was thereby forced into Amerala. The latter stumbled to her knees and Manuel Ycaza was flipped off, luckily without damage. Priceless Gem rolled away from her field after that, but her number came down in favor of My Boss Lady. It was a bitter disappointment for Jacobs on his 62nd birthday.

Hirsch Jacobs has always believed in running his horses whenever and wherever he can. He is against excessive training. "You keep training them," he says, "and don't run 'em, and pretty soon you find them going the other way." Priceless Gem, in all likelihood, will tackle the colts in this week's Gotham at a mile. After that Jacobs will decide about taking on the boys at longer distances, including the Kentucky Derby. "We've nominated her for the Derby," he says, "because if you don't nominate, you don't run. The Kentucky Derby trip for our filly would depend on whom we'd be meeting—on what happens down there at Keeneland and Churchill Downs before the Derby. I'd say if anything happens to Graustark, it's an open race. But it's still some time off, and all of us have just got to wait and see. I do know now that Priceless Gem will be better with this race in her, despite her looks."

So, for the information of filly fanciers, will Graustark be better after his latest refresher.

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## Good play by a first baseman

Attention, please!" roared the loud-speaker at Dodgertown in Vero Beach. "After today's game there will be a bridge match: Manager Walt Alston, Coach Jim Gilliam, First Baseman Wes Parker and the celebrated bridge expert, Charles Goren. Nice to have Mr. Goren with us. He's seated behind the Dodger dugout. If you'll forgive the pun, let's give him a big hand." (I'd have forgiven the pun if only they'd given me that big hand a little later in the proceedings.)

It was a fine baseball day in Florida, and I watched the Dodgers—vitalized, perhaps, by the day's news that Koufax and Drysdale had ended their holdout—shut out the Cincinnati Reds 4 to 0. After the game we repaired to the pressroom, where a table was set up to accommodate the players and kibitzers.

My partner was the manager, and Walt proved to be just as deplorable a cardholder that day as I was. The result was that we wound up on the short end of a blitz at the hands of Gilliam and young Parker, who, incidentally, is a member of the American Contract Bridge League and the proud owner of a small

bundle of master points, many of them won with his father as his partner.

Our opponents' bidding technique was not exactly of championship caliber, but they weren't a bit flustered playing against their manager and me and before an audience that included National League President Warren Giles and Duke Snider. They usually managed to end up in the right contract, and then they played their hands beautifully.

Parker's opening two-spade bid (diagram) does not exactly carry my warm approval. It is two points short of the requirements for a demand bid, with a trump suit that is full of holes. If partner cannot muster up a bid in response to a one-spade opening, it is hardly likely that a game will be missed. Gilliam was happy to make a positive response, showing his club suit. Parker might have considered three no trump as his next bid, if only as a warning that his opening bid was light, but he persevered with his spades. Gilliam was concerned with the absence of a diamond stopper to fully justify a no-trump bid and he paid Parker the delicate compliment of rais-

continued



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ling him to game with a singleton trump.

Alston made the normal opening lead of the queen of hearts, and Wes paused to consider prospects before making the "natural" play of winning the heart trick in his hand. He could see the possibility of three spade losers and one or two diamond losers if all the suits broke badly. However, if the club suit was divided 3-3, or if the 10 fell doubleton and was in the hand with the short trump holding, the contract could be brought home—provided his right-hand opponent was not allowed to attack the diamond suit too early.

In order to prevent me from winning a trick and making the lethal diamond shift, Parker won the opening heart lead

South dealer  
North-South  
vulnerable

## NORTH

♠ 7  
♥ A 6 2  
♦ 10 7 6 2  
♣ K J 9 4 2

## WEST

♠ Q 10  
♥ Q J 10 8  
♦ K J 9 3  
♣ 7 5 3

## EAST

♠ K J 9 2  
♥ 9 7 4 3  
♦ 5 4  
♣ 10 8 6

## SOUTH

♠ A 8 6 5 4 3  
♥ K 5  
♦ A Q 8  
♣ A Q

## SOUTH

(Parker)

2 ♠

3 ♠

PASS

## WEST

(Alston)

PASS

PASS

PASS

## NORTH

(Gibson)

3 ♠

4 ♠

PASS

## EAST

(Gunn)

PASS

PASS

PASS

with dummy's ace and played the 7 of spades. When I played low, Parker let the lead ride around to Alston's 10. Walt continued hearts, won by declarer with the king. He cashed the ace of spades and continued trumps. Walt signaled with the 9 of diamonds, so when I won with the spade jack I shifted to diamonds as requested. But Parker had fended off the shift just long enough. He jumped up with the diamond ace, cashed the club ace and overtook his club queen with dummy's king. The jack of clubs gave South one diamond discard, and when the suit split, a fourth club lead let him discard the last diamond while I was using my high trump.

So they clobbered us. But nothing bothered Walt. He had just been handed a couple of pitching aces, and he wasn't about to mourn the absence of the other kind.

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# THE KING OF THE JUNGLE

Walter O'Malley, owner of the Los Angeles Dodgers, would like to make friends despite influencing people, but his elfin spirit is a prisoner of the steel-trap mind that makes him major league baseball's most successful owner. The Master of Chavez Ravine has his monument but can't escape his image

BY JACK MANN

**T**he patrooms of baseball, a few billion dollars' worth of business *pour le sport* acumen, milled around the lobby of the Dearborn (Mich.) Inn on a morning last July. Within moments they would assemble in plenary, secret session in a back room to consider the election of a commissioner who would commission wisely but not too well.

"We'd better get in there," one captain of the industry said. "I think the meeting's begun already."

"Not yet it hasn't," said another owner, who might be ranked lieutenant colonel. "O'Malley's still out here."

The colonel was not making a joke, and nobody laughed. It is not only American folklore but an article of faith among brother owners well-heeled enough to buy him out that Walter Francis O'Malley, president and two-thirds owner of the Los Angeles Dodgers, runs baseball.

"If I run baseball," O'Malley said in his tiny office in the old Navy barracks at Vero Beach, Fla. one day last month, after informing the switchboard operator that Mr. Donald Grant, chairman of the board of

the New York Mets, would have to call back later, "how come so many things have been passed in the past few years that I've been violently opposed to? Expansion, for one. The free-agent draft, for another. And I didn't even nominate anybody to be commissioner."

Like almost all of the ponderous legends built up around O'Malley in the 15 years since he took up the Dodger reins in Brooklyn, it is only partly true that he "runs" the game. It was also only partly true that Sherman Adams "ran" the government for a few years. Sherm didn't get everything he wanted either, but it was generally regarded as prudent to ask what he thought about things. It is a law of political physics that a take-charge guy will always move into a vacuum at the top, and O'Malley receives many more phone calls from baseball owners than General Eckert does.

Certainly, no single owner has ever enjoyed—and O'Malley enjoys it, make no mistake—a more prestigious and influential position. His organization makes more money than any of his lodge brothers (or O'Malley,

for that matter) thought feasible a decade ago. He owns the most attractive, efficient establishment ever dedicated to the playing of baseball, the parking of cars and the vending of hot dogs, beer and tin horns, and the benevolent southern California sky is his dome. (Even if the Angelinos keep storming his gates at the rate of 31,000 per game, O'Malley won't actually own the place until about 1977, but it's a nice kind of hock to be in. "Money is one of the cheapest things you can buy," he points out. "The interest is tax-deductible.") Dodger Stadium was the first baseball park built with private capital since Yankee Stadium in 1922, if you can forget the controversial beneficence of several levels of government that got it off the drawing board. (O'Malley can forget it. "They keep calling it a giveaway," he says. "That property cost \$3 million.")

Above all, it was O'Malley who tapped the Eldorado of the West at a time when baseball needed a transfusion of interest. After the game had had a brief, predictable flash of prosperity in the immediate postwar years, baseball fans were beginning *continued*

to discover more rewarding forms of recreation than sitting through a double-header on Edwardian wooden seats in a dingy, outmoded stadium—almost invariably in the “wrong” part of town—and after the game walking to a car parked 15 blocks away. While O'Malley's radical exodus from Brooklyn to Los Angeles was motivated by self-interest, it enlightened public spirits—if not yet private capital—to the fact that baseball, like the cornflakes industry, was going to have to package its product. Caught in a pincers movement between football on one flank and the winter sports on the other, and with racing “seasons” being stretched from snow to snow, the National Pastime would have to discard its arrogant presumptions and compete, undignified as that might seem. The owners were going to have to make it easier for the fan to get to a baseball game and more comfortable for him to watch after he got there, or he wasn't going to show up. He, the fan, had warned them. (Dreary little Ebbets Field had bad seats only behind the poles, but there were barely 700 parking spaces for 32,111 seats; attendance had slipped from 1,633,747 in the pennant year of 1949 to 1,213,562 in the pennant year of 1956.)

Beyond the new ball parks built for “new” franchises, it must be noted that modern stadiums have risen in Washington and tradition-steeped St. Louis, that plans are in the works in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia and Cincinnati and that even the unmanageables of Boston polities may yet pour concrete. And—oh, irony—an optimist who had lived his life in New York might have assumed there would have been a Shea Stadium without the unthinkable trauma of the departure of the Dodgers and Giants. A realist—an O'Malley, for instance—would not have.

These changes, for whatever vernal reasons and by however indirect an effect, O'Malley hath wrought. He has re-woven the texture of baseball and the attitudes of its entrepreneurs as much in 15 years as the late Branch Rickey, his predecessor as head of the Dodgers, did in 50. Yet it is highly unlikely O'Mal-

ley will ever enjoy the reverence accorded Rickey in his last 10 years by journalists who had chronicled his penuriousness for 20 years before that. Walter D'Malley's only son, Peter, is 27 now and general manager of the Spokane farm team. When he was 10 he was startled and puzzled by the audacity of New York sportswriters in calling Dad's boss “El Chappo.” Peter is too young to remember the calamity of the 1930s, when Rickey was running the Cardinals’ “Chain Gang.”

Strangely, Rickey's metamorphosis from avaricious old man to elder statesman began shortly after he applied a squeeze play to O'Malley when both were in the Brooklyn organization in the fall of 1950. There wasn't anything illegal about it or, from one point of view, anything unethical. It was exactly the sort of cute play that devious O'Malley might pull: bounded on the north by piracy and on the south by dirty pool, but in itself perfectly kosher. According to O'Malley, Rickey wanted to sell his 25% of the Dodgers because he had a nice offer to go to Pittsburgh and help John Galbreath with the reorganization of his painful Pirates. (The late Billy Meyer, then Pittsburgh manager, is reputed to have told his troops: “You guys could go on *Wear My Love?* with your uniforms on and stomp the panel.”) Rickey said he did not want to go to Pittsburgh, but that was the kind of fib an O'Malley would tell. And Rickey wanted \$1 million for his interest in the Dodgers.

“So he made a market,” O'Malley said recently in his Vero Beach suite, with pictures on the walls of almost all the Dodgers' dignitaries, past and present, except Rickey. “It was the way he sold ballplayers. He'd have Branch Jr. go to the people and say, ‘I think he'd give you Furillo, but you can't touch Walker.’”

In such a way was Outfielder Dixie Walker peddled to the eager Pirates in December 1947. Not only was “The People's Cherce” 37 years old, but he had that year announced his Alabamian option not to play on a team with Jackie Robinson. A number of Dodgers had shared this sentiment, but Walker was

37. So the market was made. Walker went to Pittsburgh, along with Pitchers Hal Gregg and Vic Lombardi, who had 18 big-league victories left in them. To the Dodgers came Preacher Roe, Billy Cox and Gene Mauch. To the Dodgers also came three (very nearly five) of the next six National League pennants. And to Rickey came Horseman Galbreath's undying admiration for his trading acumen.

“Rickey made a market,” O'Malley said. “He got William Zeckendorf to bid \$1,050,000 for his stock. He knew we didn't want Zeckendorf in the management, and he knew Mrs. Smith (widow of John Smith, president of Pfizer and Cox, with whom O'Malley had bought his first piece of the nearly bankrupt Dodgers in 1943) and I had an option to meet whatever price he could get. It annoyed the hell out of me, because I'd gone on Rickey's note when he bought in.”

There was, O'Malley said, only \$200,000 in the bank, “not enough for spring training. The club had turned the corner under Larry MacPhail, and Rickey had improved it, but it wasn't the kind of property he said it was.”

Dwisting himself of his New York Subways Advertising Co. and his interests in J. P. Duffy and Co., building materials, and the Long Island Rail Road, O'Malley met the Zeckendorf bid. With Rickey's 25% now added to his own 25%, and with an option to buy 1% of Mrs. Smith's stock, O'Malley assumed control of the Brooklyn club and became president in a smiling ceremony that failed to mask the acrimonious maneuvering.

“I wrote two checks,” O'Malley said. “One for a million, and one for \$50,000. The \$50,000 check came back endorsed by Rickey to Zeckendorf. I lost the money, but I had the satisfaction of showing it to Rickey. And I still have a photo-static copy.”

The memory rankles, and part of O'Malley's often outspoken resentment of Rickey was jealousy of the latter's exalted place in baseball. “Funny thing,” O'Malley said. “After that deal all the writers who had been knocking Rickey turned against me.” A Celtically sensitive

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man with a firm belief that newspapers "make" public opinion. O'Malley yearns quietly for recognition of the fact that he isn't all bad. By 1957-58, when a towering majority of the press in the East was excoriating O'Malley for the betrayal of Brooklyn and a vociferous minority in the West was heaping maledictions on him for the attempted rape of Chavez Ravine, son Peter was a student at Penn and could read the papers even better than he could when he was 10.

"It made us sore as hell," Peter said recently, "because Dad had told us the real story. I kept after him to get somebody to write something to set the record straight. But he said no. He said the new stadium would be built eventually and that it would be a monument that would speak for itself."

O'Malley weakened in this resolve at least once. During the 1957 season, the last in Brooklyn, *The Saturday Evening Post* decided it wanted a definitive story on the Dodger situation and asked for one from the late Tom Meany, who had begun covering the Dodgers in the early 1920s when O'Malley was living in his native Bronx and rooting for a young Giant named Bill Terry. "I opened all the correspondence files and gave him all the records," O'Malley says. "He wrote it and he got paid. But they didn't publish it. I guess it wasn't sexy."

Using the time-tested Tammany techniques so well known to any New York lawyer who paid attention, O'Malley prevailed at length over his Los Angeles opposition, got his ravine and built his monument. No sports edifice in memory has shown such correspondence between the architect's visionary rendering and the *fait accompli* of the aerial photographs, which is perhaps an evidence of O'Malley's perception as "a half-caste engineer." But when he stepped back to admire his work it became, alas, another extension of his image—it was O'Malley's gold mine, O'Malley's "steal." It was precisely the wrong kind of image for a man who likes, almost desperately, to be liked. Being liked and making big money in the jungle of free enterprise, baseball style, are almost mutually exclusive, but O'Malley wanted both. He

needs both. But the image is as monolithic as the monument.

There he sits, behind his desk, the long cigar in the plastic holder poised like a dart. The tailored suit minimizes the considerable paunch. A gilded 1903 silver dollar elaps the strong tie just below his third chin. The thick brown hair, gray only near the ears, is combed straight back. Smooth, sleek. The eyes narrow only slightly behind the glasses, and the mouth makes a thin smile. He has aces wired and you have no pair showing. He purrs in a low register, like the last lion he shot in Bechuanaland. He'd like to do business with you, really, but he doesn't see how he could. Those damned taxes may make a Republican of him yet. But maybe we can work something out.

When the King of the Jungle stands up to show you the door, he is a real Walter O'Malley—the one the New York press embellished if it did not invent. To anyone who grew up as a Dodger or Giant fan in New York, the exodus hit with the cement-in-the-stomach impact of the day when the first-grade teacher decided it was time to put an end to that Santa Claus nonsense. For such villany there had to be a villain. Horace Stoneham had moved his Giants, who had had great dignity years before the Dodgers even became funny, but would you believe Horace Stoneham as a villain? O'Malley was from Central Casting. The Dodgers haven't bothered retiring uniform numbers like 39 (Roy Campanella) and 1 (Pee Wee Reese) and 42 (Jackie Robinson), because Angelinos think Zack Wheat is a cereal. But Angelenos dig Central Casting, and they bought the image, despite its made-in-New York label. New York Cartoonist Willard Mullin put a beret and dark glasses on the image, and now he's our villain, baby. We stole *that* from New York, too.

Transplanted 3,000 miles, the image has grown in direct proportion to O'Malley's success. He can never have it both ways. Yet, undeniably, there is substance to the image, and O'Malley has helped to build it. If he does not keep a tight control on players' salaries as Rickey did—perhaps because Rickey did—his rewards to auxiliary personnel are not

lavish. "I am conservative only about money," O'Malley says, and that is supposed to be a bon mot. "I put it this way," said General Manager F. J. (Buz-zie) Bavasi when asked if he considered O'Malley generous. "He wants value received for his dollar." And value received does not necessarily mean another dollar. There was the time in Brooklyn when a staff member, feeling his job had been well done, anticipated a raise from his modest stipend. "How old are you?" O'Malley asked, his arm around the man's shoulder as they looked out the window into Montague Street. "Forty-six," the staff member said. "There are a lot of 46-year-old men down there," O'Malley said, pointing to the street, "who would like to have your job." End of interview.

O'Malley indisputably connives, manipulates and tampers with truth—sometimes for pragmatic reasons and sometimes, it seems, just for the hell of it. Late on the night of Sunday, Oct. 6, 1957, he sat at a table in the Schroeder Hotel in Milwaukee, having an informal, off-the-record discussion with newspapermen he had known in New York. O'Malley kept saying "if" about the move to Los Angeles until one reporter said: "Let's face it, Walter. You are going to move."

"Don't bet on it, boys," O'Malley said solemnly. "Don't bet on it." On the morning of Tuesday, Oct. 8, an off day for travel during the World Series, when the newspapers were hurrying for material, it was announced officially that the Dodgers were moving. The boys were left to believe that O'Malley's multimillion-dollar decision to change the baseball map had been made in less than 36 hours. They knew him better than that, but they're still trying to figure out why he gratuitously misled them.

"I think he's like my father," said Vin Scully, the world's best left-handed baseball announcer. Scully, who has the same New York-fresh background as O'Malley and who has been with the team since Walter took charge in 1950, reads people pretty well, so maybe by now he has a clue to the compulsive deviousness. "I think he'd be very happy

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## O'MALLEY continues

If you'd give him a long piece of string, all tangled up in knots, so he could have fun untangling it. There are some people who have to have a problem to solve, even when there isn't one."

"Yes, there are still problems," O'Malley said happily. He was sitting in his Vero Beach office, under a framed montage of L.A. newspaper stories celebrating the opening of Dodger Stadium in 1962. One of them, by Columnist George T. Davis, carried this headline: O'MALLEY SURVIVED BREKBAES, NOW PLAUDITS ARE IN ORDER. There is a similar verdict, by Columnist Jim Murray, on the wall of his suite, and O'Malley says he hasn't read them, which is the kind of thing he says. It is quite possible they were muted and framed by staff members, since flattery has gotten some people somewhere in O'Malley's organization. But he hasn't read them! Don't bet on it, boys.

"We have one big problem in Los Angeles," O'Malley said. "The taxes are \$800,000. You know what they were in Brooklyn? They were \$18,000. We have to find something to keep the stadium busy outside baseball season. We've been thinking of making it an ice-skating rink."

All right. Obviously there aren't enough rodeos to go around. And the Dodgers are losing their prime tenant this year when Gene Autry's Angels move to Anaheim. How about pro football? "We don't want it," O'Malley said. "First of all, it would be a new franchise, and that means a bad team. Besides, you have to be careful about who gets into the management around here. I've already spent five years trying to teach baseball to a singing cowboy. I'm damned if I want to spend five more teaching football to some comedian."

There is the Hollywood problem. Last month O'Malley politely declined a presumably serious offer from Jerry Lewis to mediate the contractual stalemate with Sandy Koufax and Don Drysdale. One of the things that had bothered him most about the holdout had been the introduction of an "agent." From the top to the bottom of the Dodger organization, the personnel who came west with the club have been changed to some

extent by their propinquity to the Sunset Strip. (Except Buvase; even if they plant Bazzie in Forest Lawn someday, there will be some corner of a foreign field that is forever New York.) Walter O'Malley seems to have been less affected than any of them.

"Sure, Walter has had Jessel and Danny Kaye and all those people around him," says a man who has tried life on both coasts. "You can't get away from that. But his only real friend in Hollywood is Producer Mervyn LeRoy, and he knew him before. He doesn't take those other people seriously."

O'Malley doesn't take himself too seriously, once he comes from behind the desk. A man who can shoot very bad golf and not get angry about it can't be all bad. Neither can a man who can laugh at himself. If you ask him, Walter can tell you hair-raising stories about shooting polar bear, lion and elk. But this is the one he tells without being asked:

"We were hunting lion in Bechuanaland. I got down from the truck to take the first shot, and the lion went down. When I started back to the truck, puffed up like a pouter pigeon, they were all yelling at me. I figured it was a gag until I turned around. The lion was up, and he was coming after me. I jumped to the truck, reloaded and fired. And I shot the radiator cap off the truck."

Among the trophies in O'Malley's office is a rusty radiator cap, mounted on a wooden shield. It is a present from his daughter, Terry, the mother of his six grandchildren. There was a limerick that came with it, which Terry can't remember except that it began, "There once was a hunter named Pop."

"She went to a secondhand-car dealer," O'Malley says, "and asked for an old radiator cap. The guy said, 'Why don't you buy a new one? It's only 65¢.' She said she had to have an old one. 'Look, lady,' the guy said, 'I'll give you a new one. You go home with an old one, your husband will kill you.'"

This is the other Walter O'Malley, and he is just as real as the image. In baggy old pants and golf cap, he careers around the Dodgertown reservation at

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## O'MALLEY continued

Ver0 Beach in his gas-operated golf cart, stopping here and there to put a stake in the ground. There, in a short time, the two-man, diesel-operated excavator will dig a hole, and tomorrow a labor crew will plant one of the 436 Navajo willows O'Malley just received from a friend in New Mexico. Such inexacting horticulture is a poor substitute for the greenhouse behind the modest home in Amityville on Long Island, where he grew orchids in the hazy on days before the money got big. But imprisoned inside every successful man is the kind of man he'd like to be if he had the time, or if he didn't have to send the kids to college, or if he didn't have to prove something to himself.

There is a Walter O'Malley who has entertained royalty and who pulls a six-iron shot 40 degrees off line and pronounces the wind a bastard, the pronunciation being issued in accents that would be called pure Brooklyn by one who didn't recognize a perfect blend of Bronx and Queens intonations with a sprinkling of Long Island on top. This is the O'Malley who cheats at golf, arrantly. Anybody can make a 7 of an 8 and get away with it, but arriving at a par-5 green in 4 and saying you got there in 3 is big-league. And when you can act as if the other people in the foursome believe it, that is savor faire.

O'Malley is also skilled at prestige cheating, the kind that has nothing to do with the score. There was this day he came to the 143-yard hole and said he was going to use a seven-iron. Cautioned about the opposing wind, he reluctantly took a six-iron. He hit it on a true line, and it stopped and sat up like a chipmunk, 10 feet past the pin. "Too much club," O'Malley growled. Baines and Fresno Thompson, a Dodger vice-president, broke up.

So he's a cheat. But the same O'Malley will play good poker hands badly for an hour so that a big loser can win some of his money back without embarrassment. He will take a ration of gulf from a drunken reporter and act as if it never happened when one phone call could take the man off his back forever.

O'Malley doesn't always lean over backward. Two years ago, when his son

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was managing the Vero Beach camp, Walter went to 9 o'clock Mass and returned for breakfast at 10, when the kitchen closed, in accordance with an O'Malley edict. "He raised hell," Peter says. "I told him, 'Relax. You own the place.'" Walter stalked off, announcing to the winds that it was a hell of a way to run a training camp. His wife Kay subdued her mixed feelings and followed.

**A**nd now to Vin Scully for a vignette to show what kind of woman Kay O'Malley is. "Scene at Dodgertown: 20-year-old rookie in dirty baseball uniform knocks on door in hurrahs and lady answers. 'No towels,' he says. Lady scurries around until she finds him towels. Is this lady the maid? No, she's the wife of the owner of the hall club."

And Terry's a sweet kid, too. But before this deteriorates into an episode of *Father Knows Best*, let's get back to the "charming rogue," as the most disgruntled of O'Malley's former employees still calls him. Let's see the cynical way he operated when he wanted to build a new stadium on top of the Long Island Rail Road Station in the heart of downtown Brooklyn. There was a wild idea. It was almost as wild as the notion of putting a new Madison Square Garden on top of Pennsylvania Station in Manhattan, as they're doing right now. Almost as nutty as that domed stadium O'Malley patented back in the late 1940s. "Oh, give me a home with a Plexiglas dome," somebody caroled at a New York Baseball Writers dinner, and they laughed and laughed.

O'Malley got as far as this with that crazy scheme to take over Brooklyn's main crossroads: "Bob Wagner, the mayor, put our three friends on the commission: a Jew, a Catholic and a Protestant, two Democrats and a Republican. That was the way you did things in New York."

That was the way you did things in New York, but sometimes you made a mistake. Wagner couldn't get it through the Board of Estimate. There were other mistakes. Like when Rickey departed for Pittsburgh and took most of the Rickey men with him. If you worked for Rickey, you were a Rickey man, largely because

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### O'MALLEY continued

If you weren't a Rickey man you couldn't work for Rickey. But there was the remarkable coincidence that most of the people who followed Rickey were Protestants, and most of those who remained were Roman Catholics. A very large Mason called upon O'Malley and pointed out that Catholics alone would not do in Brooklyn. "You have to hire a Jew," he said.

"I have just the man," O'Malley told him. Lee Scott, a sportswriter with dark hair and a pencil-thin mustache, had just had the Brooklyn *Citizen* shot out from under him. O'Malley proposed to hire him as road secretary for the Oodgers, which he still is. "I didn't hire him because he was Jewish," O'Malley says, "but I was sure he was. I assumed he had changed his name from Feinberg or something."

"We hired him, and a few days later it was Ash Wednesday. So who showed up in the office with the biggest smudge of ashes on his forehead? Scotty. He had changed his name, all right. From Scottio."

O'Malley the Hunter has killed polar bear from an ice-breaking tug, miles north of Svalbard Island, many miles north of Norway. He has shot a record 50-inch sable from a Land-Rover in Bechuanaland. He has hunted guinea hen (and broken an ankle in the process) near Camaguey, Cuba. And if he and the sports at NBC-TV ever get together on a date, he's going to complete his collection by getting a tiger from aboard an elephant in India, in living color. But the most significant safari of O'Malley's 62 years was an expedition into the interior of Los Angeles by taxicab in the winter of 1956-57. They sought a rare species called Chavez Ravine, and they had to go without a native guide.

In Los Angeles the politicians and journalists still claw each other's eyes out over who did how much to lure the Dodgers from Brooklyn. That can be settled right here. "On the way through L.A. on our trip to Japan after the 1956 World Series," O'Malley says, "Vince Flaherty, the columnist, showed me this piece of property. When we got back I wanted to take a better look at it." So he assembled a party of Captain Emil

Praeger, an architect-engineer; the late Bud Holman of Eastern Airlines (a director but never a stockholder of the Dodgers); and his daughter, Terry.

Captain Praeger had conceived the idea (and proved it on a small scale in Holman Stadium, Vero Beach) that a ball park can "lean" against a wall of earth, obviating the necessity of an expensive mess of structural steel, so he was essential to the satans. Bud and Terry were camouflage.

"We had already decided to buy a Convair 440," O'Malley says. "Going out to Los Angeles to see it just gave us an excuse to look at the property. But we couldn't find the damned place, and we couldn't ask anybody because you know what would have happened."

(Something like what happened later, in September 1957, when Nelson Rockefeller, not yet Governor of New York, came tardily and ostentatiously to the rescue with an offer to help the Dodgers finance purchase of the downtown Brooklyn property. The prices skyrocketed. The matter might have been handled more discreetly and the Dodgers might have stayed in Brooklyn had O'Malley not been stalking elk near Rawlins, Wyo., thereafter known as The Crossroads of the World. In Rawlins he just happened to bump into Harold C. McClellan, the former Assistant Secretary of Commerce, who was negotiating Los Angeles' end of the deal, and that's the sort of thing Walter O'Malley expects you to believe.)

With the help of a map from a gas station, O'Malley finally found Chavez Ravine. While Captain Praeger was estimating that seven million tons of earth would have to be shoved around, O'Malley stood like Bullfinch surveying the Pacific Ocean and beheld an island paradise: a body of parking spaces completely surrounded by freeways. That was the beginning of the end of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

But it was only the beginning of the end. O'Malley had scorned Flushing Meadow, the Shea Stadium site ("I was wrong as hell about that," he says now), but he would have stayed if they'd given him the property he wanted in Brooklyn. Norris Poulson, mayor of Los Angeles

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at the time, so depose, and Norrie is too uncomplicated to fabricate such a tale. In a silly ceremony in San Francisco before the first big-league game ever played on the West Coast, Poulson hit San Francisco Mayor George Christopher's pitch about four feet and ran to third base. When they reversed roles for the opener in Los Angeles, Christopher hit Poulson's delivery about as far. But he ran to first, proving again that San Franciscans are sophisticated.

"Sophisticated" is O'Malley's favorite positive word; for the negative he likes "naughty." In the 1930s, doing well by mopping up after busted mortgage companies, he ran a "pretty sophisticated" law firm. To Bronx Borough President James Lyons, in whose parlor the Yankees play, it would have been "naughty" for the city to help the Dodgers build a new stadium. It was also naughty for O'Malley's grandfather to help organize the first mailmen's union, and for this he was exiled to San Francisco. But you can't take the Brooklyn out of the boy; he returned.

O'Malley has one particularly naughty habit. Whether he is inviting you to play nine holes or asking 50 guests to hop on the Dodgers' Electra for an afternoon of frolic in Nassau, he wants people to come out and play with him. But the elfin spirit is never completely divorced from the steel-trap mind, and he wants to win when he plays. To make sure he wins, he always has a little edge going for him. Al Campanis, the Dodgers' superscout, is one of O'Malley's favorite pigeons.

**O**n the way to Japan, O'Malley told Campanis about the cormorants, the birds Orientals use to do their fishing. They put a ring around their necks, see, but when they've caught 10 fish you have to take the ring off and let them eat one or they'll go on strike. Not only that, but the cormorants go into the water in a sort of batting order, and if anyone goes out of turn they go on strike. No, I'm telling you the truth. Campanis put his money where his doubt was and it cost him 10,000 yen (\$28 at the time).

Then there was the way the Japanese tend to beef before the slaughter. They massage the steers, sometimes beat them

*continued*

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with bamboo sticks, for several days before they kill them. "Darndest thing you ever saw," Scully recalls. "On the train to Sendai, or somewhere, I looked out the window and there were these two women, massaging a cow." And across the aisle there was Campanis, digging for another 10,000 yen.

But when Campanis got back to L.A., he still had one bet going for him. There sure as hell wasn't any such thing as square bamboo, and O'Malley hadn't been able to show him any in Japan. That's one I win, Campanis thought as he attacked his dinner in a Polynesian restaurant on Wilshire Boulevard. Then a strange awareness came over Campanis. He was dining in the midst of a veritable jungle of square bamboo. Yes, sir, the waiter said. When the bamboo shoot is tiny they put this square metal tube over it, so when it grows—10,000 more yen.

"He has all these obscure facts in his head," Campanis says, "and he tells you he'll bet either way. But if you guess the right way the bet is off. He also comes up with some phony ones, so you can never be sure.

"But I got my money back. He bet me there'd be a woman in organized baseball within two years. He knew about that West German broad somebody was going to sign. Somebody did, but the commissioner disallowed it. I won \$100 on that one, so I'm ahead." Who says O'Malley runs baseball?

If he did, there would have been no expansion. He was in favor of the Continental League, for the simple reason that he believed it was doomed to failure. He is in favor of a "sophisticated" players' union for the same reason.

"The only way you could expand now," O'Malley says, "would be to form a third eight-team league. In the first place there isn't enough talent for 20 teams right now. And who'd want to get out of this league? You'd lose dates with us, the Giants, the Mets—all the new ball parks. They put me on the expansion committee—that's one of the most effective ways to stall the opposition voice—and I wanted a provision that the new teams would be the ones to spin off if there ever was a third league. But they voted me down."

O'Malley believes the players are wasting their time flirting with unionism. "That would be fine if they all agreed to take the same money," he says. "But they'd be better off if they'd send their man to Washington to talk about taxes. Everything these days is taxes and depreciation. A man doesn't necessarily sell a ball club to CBS because he wants to. He might do it because he's afraid of the evaluation they'd put on it if he died.

"The players ought to be in Washington, telling Congressmen that their bodies are just as depreciable as an oil well. If you can write off an oil well at 27½% a year, the players ought to get some consideration."

Out on Field 1, behind the dreary old Dodgertown barracks, Albuquerque Manager Bob Kennedy was lecturing a group of would-be ballplayers on physical fitness. "You're a corporation," said Kennedy, who lasted 18 years in the bigs with minimal abilities. "You're the only asset you have. You have to take care of yourself."

O'Malley has come to feel that way about himself. He concedes after some prodding that he is "influential" in the affairs of baseball, but he argues that it is not his relative strength but his relative vulnerability that makes him so. "Among the owners we have the biggest lumberman in the country," he says, "the biggest brewer, the biggest chewing-gum manufacturer, one of the biggest real-estate men. If something goes wrong with the game and the bottom drops out, they still have their lumber and their gum. I'd lose the whole ball of wax, at age 62. My investment is in baseball, and I have more in it than any man ever had. I have to pay attention."

"Besides," O'Malley says, "they are extremely busy men and it's hard to get them to work on committees. I'm on so many of them because I'm available. And because I'm willing. In any organization there are a few guys who do most of the work. In baseball, I'm one of them."

It is difficult to imagine the bottom dropping out of O'Malley's operation. There is an annual subscription of 15,000 to 16,000 season-ticket holders, most of them at \$265 a copy, assuring him of

*continued*

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about \$4 million in receipts before Maury Wills ever carries a lineup card to home plate. When the Dodgers won their last pennant in Brooklyn in 1956, they averaged 15,761 customers a game.

Some of the season-ticket holders are also Stadium Club members, which makes them eligible for the Safari Group. The fifth annual week-long pilgrimage to Vero Beach attracted 48 this spring, at terms that would make Cook's blush. \$300 for the round trip on the Dodger plane and you find your own lodgings, but the golf and the booze are on the house and you get to attend O'Malley's St. Patrick's Day party (which was shifted to March 16 this year because the 17th didn't fit the Dodgers' schedule).

And The Barbecue, a Lucullan event that takes place at the Holman ranch, far out in the snake-and-gator boom-docks. The Barbecue was slow to swing this year because somebody asked Elmer, the drinking man's bartender, for a martini and there wasn't any vermouth. Bump Holman, Bud's son and the pilot of four successive Dodger planes, got in his car and took off down the road. "Oh," a sweet thing lamented, "he isn't going all the way back to Vero Beach just for vermouth?" No, lady. He's just getting his car out from under the trees so he can use the telephone. The vermouth arrived in a few minutes by airplane.

Meanwhile O'Malley put on a funny apron, grasped a tall Scotch and water and studied the muffled girls were preparing. "Great food fish," he said. "And you know, that's the only fish that has a gizzard. That's right."

And how, he was asked, did he happen to know a fact like that? "Oh, I don't know," O'Malley said airily. "I guess I just read it somewhere. But it's true. It really is. You could look it up."

It might be a good idea for everybody to look it up. You never can tell when you might be passing through Rawlins, Wyo., The Crossroads of the World. Some guy dragging a dead elk might stop you and offer to bet you 10,000 yen on it—either way. Look it up. You're your own corporation and you've got to take care of yourself. **END**

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# SOME SIGNIFICANT BASEBALL STATISTICS OF 1965

Official averages do not always disclose why a team finished where it did—or the true value of a player. Here is a different breakdown of the 1965 season

## EFFECTIVE TEAM SCORING

### NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Runs scored	Runs allowed	Pct scoring
Cincinnati	2,132	825	286
Philadelphia	1,984	708	280
St. Louis	1,937	707	267
San Francisco	1,891	687	264
Pittsburgh	1,760	679	244
Philadelphia	1,602	654	242
Chicago	1,491	635	238
Los Angeles	1,473	608	215
Houston	1,347	565	208
New York	1,333	495	202

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Runs scored	Runs allowed	Pct scoring
Minnesota	1,985	774	260
Detroit	1,949	689	264
Cleveland	1,895	663	248
Baltimore	1,956	641	245
New York	1,794	613	240
Chicago	1,630	647	235
Boston	1,617	665	232
Washington	1,431	590	223
Kansas City	1,350	585	218
California	1,244	527	202

## TEAM OFFENSE VS. DEFENSE

### NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Runs scored	OPPONENTS Runs	Difference
Cincinnati	925	354	+571
Pittsburgh	678	588	+90
San Francisco	675	583	+92
Los Angeles	638	571	+67
Philadelphia	598	473	+125
St. Louis	597	474	+123
Philadelphia	554	467	+87
Chicago	435	323	+112
Houston	349	311	+38
New York	495	352	+143

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Runs scored	OPPONENTS Runs	Difference
Minnesota	776	490	+286
Chicago	647	555	+92
Detroit	640	502	+138
Baltimore	641	528	+113
Cleveland	485	605	-120
New York	611	484	+127
California	577	569	+8
Boston	465	791	-326
Washington	391	721	-330
Kansas City	585	756	-171

## EXTRA-BASE TEAM POWER

### NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Extra base hits	Pct
Cincinnati	1,344	512
Philadelphia	1,419	467
Philadelphia	1,380	402
Chicago	1,316	368
New York	1,282	357
St. Louis	9,415	349
San Francisco	8,354	379
Pittsburgh	1,586	365
Houston	1,793	377
Los Angeles	1,379	293

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Extra base hits	Pct
Boston	1,370	445
Minnesota	1,396	439
Baltimore	1,399	399
Detroit	1,278	379
New York	1,296	376
Washington	1,177	348
Kansas City	1,294	355
Cleveland	1,167	375
Chicago	1,154	363
California	1,279	328

## EFFECTIVE TEAM PITCHING

### NATIONAL LEAGUE

	All bats	Opponents	BA
Los Angeles (295)	5,457	1,223	224
San Francisco (325)	5,567	1,375	238
Pittsburgh (285)	5,494	1,378	261
Washington (295)	5,428	1,386	266
Cincinnati (271)	5,493	1,395	267
St. Louis (254)	5,553	1,404	255
Philadelphia (350)	5,566	1,426	256
Houston (237)	5,403	1,436	260
Chicago (238)	5,445	1,439	260
New York (211)	5,580	1,482	267

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

	All bats	Opponents	BA
Chicago (240)	5,462	1,261	231
Cleveland (250)	5,411	1,254	232
Baltimore (238)	5,432	1,268	233
Minnesota (254)	5,464	1,278	235
Detroit (238)	5,409	1,283	237
California (235)	5,311	1,259	237
New York (235)	5,464	1,337	245
Washington (235)	5,407	1,376	254
Kansas City (240)	5,436	1,399	254
Boston (214)	5,553	1,443	260

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CONTINUED



EFFECTIVE PITCHERS

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	OPPONENTS	BA
	At bats	Runs
Kousser LA (26-8)	1 295	216
Manuel SF (27-12)	1 012	224
Worley Co (25-9)	917	189
Baker SF (14-6)	582	125
Garner SL (20-12)	1 006	242
Vesile Pitt (17-17)	983	221
Eng Co (22-10)	981	232
Low Pitt (12-19)	796	182
Borung Phil (19-31)	1 051	252
Davila LA (23-12)	1 164	279

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	OPPONENTS	BA
	At bats	Runs
McDowd Cle (17-11)	962	178
Fisher Cle (15-7)	526	118
Sobel Cle (16-8)	675	129
Burnett Cle (9-11)	763	149
Richard Wash (15-12)	645	144
McLain Del (14-6)	807	134
Woodward Bos (18-15)	722	157
Wortley Del (11-6)	733	163
Tanti Cle (13-11)	778	166
Sprague Del (13-8)	672	142

BEST AGAINST FIRST DIVISION

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Season record	First division record	Pct
Swk Pitt	7-2	5-1	.833
Low Pitt	17-9	9-2	.750
Kousser LA	26-8	10-4	.714
Pollock LA	7-6	5-2	.714
Puckey SL	10-9	5-2	.714
Raymond Bos	7-6	5-2	.714
Baker SF	14-6	7-3	.700
Buhl Cle	12-11	6-4	.667
Johnson Wash M-L	18-18	8-4	.667
Vesile Pitt	17-12	9-5	.643

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Season record	First division record	Pct
Grant Minn	21-7	12-2	.857
Stange Cle	8-4	4-1	.833
McElroy Bos	10-6	7-2	.778
Sheldon KC	10-8	4-2	.750
Lalish Del	15-9	8-3	.727
S. Miller Del	14-7	5-2	.714
Lopez Cle	14-12	10-5	.667
Fisher Cle	15-7	6-3	.667
McLain Del	16-6	6-3	.667
Steffens NY	20-9	9-5	.643

BEST AGAINST SECOND DIVISION

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Season record	Second division record	Pct
Knobell Cle	11-4	5-1	.857
Joe Co	9-8	4-1	.857
Gray SF	9-3	4-1	.857
Kousser LA	26-8	16-4	.800
O'Dell Mil	19-6	8-2	.800
Gleason SL	20-12	11-2	.786
Cole Phil	14-10	7-2	.778
Borung Phil	19-9	10-3	.769
McLain Co	20-9	10-2	.769
Eng Co	27-10	13-4	.765

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Season record	Second division record	Pct
Bretsch Minn	4-5	5-0	1.000
Wardle Minn	5-4	5-1	.833
Passal Minn	8-3	5-1	.833
Terry Cle	11-6	7-2	.778
Baker Del	15-10	10-3	.765
Chance Cle	15-10	10-2	.769
Swearing NY	12-14	10-2	.714
John Cle	14-7	10-2	.769
McLain Del	16-6	10-2	.765
Perry Minn	12-7	10-2	.765



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# EXTRA-BASE INDIVIDUAL POWER

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Wts	Wts	Pct
Carlson Phil (262)	162	72	451
Mays SF (319)	127	76	429
Jones Mil (262)	122	56	474
Strangel Phil (272)	145	40	414
Rubensson Gus (296)	117	71	412
Aaron Phil (318)	181	73	403
McGree SF (256)	149	60	403
Mathews Mil (251)	137	55	401
Johnson Gus (281)	129	68	390
Williams Gus (315)	202	78	389

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Wts	Wts	Pct
Yastremowski Bob (312)	154	63	442
Cash Del (244)	124	54	435
Versailles Ron (273)	187	76	418
Conditon Bob (280)	140	58	416
Albin Ron (235)	107	47	412
Bellamy Bill (290)	170	48	406
Kutler Ron (285)	168	42	399
L Thomas Bob (271)	141	52	318
Hartman KC (238)	115	43	374
Horton Glen (256)	118	41	373

# GETTING ON BASE

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Times at bat	Reached On base	Rate	Pct
Mays SF (319)	639	251	393	
Rubensson Gus (296)	424	268	358	
McGree SF (256)	439	243	380	
Aaron Phil (318)	439	242	379	
Sandoz Gus (285)	354	266	319	
Rosa Gus (312)	751	256	318	
Clemente Phil (309)	642	262	307	
Williams Gus (315)	719	271	307	
Tolson Mil (291)	594	271	307	
Allen Phil (307)	707	263	302	

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Times at bat	Reached On base	Rate	Pct
Yastremowski Bob (312)	571	225	394	
Colombo Glen (287)	616	266	383	
Oliver Ron (371)	647	244	377	
Bellamy Bob (290)	561	211	376	
Mantle Bob (275)	629	234	372	
Cash Del (244)	553	205	371	
Rogers Glen (294)	583	215	368	
Howard Wash (281)	575	206	358	
L Thomas Bob (271)	603	216	358	
Belard Glen (281)	681	237	350	

# BASE STEALING

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Attempts	Stolen bases	Pct
Wynn Gus	42	43	915
Allen Phil	17	15	883
Aaron Mil	28	24	857
Rogers Gus	41	35	854
Strangel Phil	16	13	813
Wills LA	175	94	757
W Davis LA	34	25	735
Proctor Gus	29	21	724
Johnson LA	21	15	714
Alomar Mil	17	12	706

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Attempts	Stolen bases	Pct
Winters Glen	20	17	850
Versailles Ron	22	27	844
Howard Glen	20	17	810
Apalaco Bob	13	26	800
Sandoz Glen	14	26	800
Charles KC	13	13	765
Campanese KC	20	11	729
Ferguson Cal	18	13	722
Bullock Glen	24	17	709
Taitaball KC	16	11	688

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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## HOLDOUTS ON EYE

Sirs:

It is refreshing to read a straight-down-the-middle article like Jack Mann's *The \$1,000,000 Holdout* (April 4). It was loaded with fact for the reader's own assimilation and it was totally free of the editorializing garbage so many of the prime-donne-type reporters are prone to use. Jack's accent on plain old cause and effect wrapped it up real tight.

Now that the holdouts are settled, will the fans once again cry out, "Open up the gates, ya creeps, me sandwiches is meltin'!" or did that spirit die in Flatbush?

JIM FARLEY

Eaton, Md.

Sirs:

On January 2, 1965, Joe Namath rode the glory trail for affixing his signature to a pro football contract. Then along came Koufax and Drysdale. I can hardly wait until next spring. Krampeol, Suoboda and Hickman may hold out for \$2 million!

HAROLD KLEIN

Newark

Sirs:

Was it a holdout or a holdup? Perhaps Sandy and Don should be called Jesse and Frank.

C. E. LAMBIN

Port Arthur, Texas

## GIANT-KILLERS

Sirs:

In your enthusiasm for the 1-2-3 finish of the Fords in the Sebring race (*Victory and Despair*, April 4), you failed to point out some significant facts about the 12-hour classic. Sebring is actually several races in one. In addition to competing for the overall championship, big cars compete against big cars, small cars against small cars. The victorious Fords have 7,010-cubic-centimeter engines. The Porsche that finished fourth and the Porsches that finished sixth, seventh and eighth have engines under 2,000 cubic centimeters. Yet, despite its small size, the fourth-finishing Porsche beat all the Ferraris, the Chevrolet Sting Rays, the Jaguars and all the Fords except the front-finishing trio.

The 1966 Sebring, a race so punishing that only 30 of the 64 starters were able to finish, offers additional evidence that the Porsche is truly the giant-killer among cars.

Here is a summary of the 1966 Sebring showing the first 10 finishers: 1) Ford XI (7,010 cc.), 2) Ford MK II (7,010), 3) Ford GT 40 (4,727), 4) Porsche Carrera 611,991, 5) Ferrari Dino 206/S (11,996), 6) Porsche Carrera 6 (1,991), 7) Porsche 904 (1,966),

8) Porsche Carrera 6 (1,991), 9) Chevrolet Sting Ray (6,997), 10) Ford Cobra (7,010).

EUGENE T. HOOPER JR.,

Henry J. Kaufman & Associates  
Washington

Sirs:

Your report omitted what many aficionados had hoped to see recognized for the fantastic feat it was—the high finish positions and generally excellent performances of the Porsche cars, whose engines were less than half the size of the gargantuan Fords.

FRANKLIN P. SHERRY

Hollywood, Fla.

## FRIENDLY PERSUASION

Sirs:

Your article entitled *Of Lost Days on a River* (March 28) made very interesting reading to me since I have made three trips into the Lacandon jungle myself. However, Mr. Phinney states that his whole party wanted to visit the Lacandon Indians, but that the pilots told them that the Lacandones had been "shooting arrows and bullets at planes. Furthermore, one pilot insisted, the Lacandones have a cute trick of rolling logs onto the runway just as a plane is setting in."

This makes exciting reading, but nothing could be farther from the truth. If it were not for the Indians cutting the tall savannah grass, there would be no airfield at all. They spend long hours of hard, backbreaking work keeping the field in usable condition. As far as Indians shooting at planes is concerned, this, I am sure, is incorrect. The Lacandones are a very friendly and peaceful people to whom I owe my life.

CARL HAWKINSON

Seattle

● Settlers of the neighboring Monte Libano colony might not agree. The Lacandones reportedly massacred 17 of them last summer.—ED.

## TUESDAY'S HASH

Sirs:

Lindsey Nelson's account of his broadcasting experiences with Gordon McLendon's Liberty Broadcasting System (*A Swadlow Inside a Swadlow*, March 28) reminded me of the time I was living in Denver, and very grateful for re-created major league games beamed that way. I was particularly fascinated by McLendon's use of the simile.

I was so intrigued I began writing down the phrases, because I could never remember them all to tell my friends. I still have that piece of paper. Here are some samples: happy as a jackass in Texas, fast as the lead

dog in a coon hunt, uncertain as a dash of Tuesday's hash, close as the tea in a teabag, hard as using spaghetti for shoelaces, mad as a rooster that overslept and dangerous as a radio announcer without a script.

PARTON KELSE

Ridgewood, N.J.

Sirs:

Thank you for re-creating the legend of the re-creator—Gordon McLendon. I now find it easier to convince my St. Louis neighbors (who, alas, were in Louisiana) that I actually listened to broadcasts of baseball games played from the 1880s to the early 1950s over the fabulous LBS network.

What joy it was to hear, "firsthand," of John L. Sullivan allowing the pitcher of the day to bounce baseballs off his bare chest between innings in the handlebar-mustache days and to listen "semi-live" to a description of the first curve ball or the time-outs necessary for the fans to retrieve the foul balls that had ricocheted into the buggy racks.

The Old Scotchman, that imaginative "octogenarian," was unique and believable. Live baseball broadcasting can't hold a candle to the moon-faced mike jockey.

H. CHRISTOPHER MUGLER JR.

St. Louis

## BOGEY ONE

Sirs:

Dan Jenkins (*It Was Fun Time in the Thirrier*, April 4) must be kidding: "Gong on the pro golf tour now is as easy as getting through the University of Houston. Boodle four holes in a row at Bleeding Birch Country Club and . . . a day later you are . . . on the tour."

What about the PGA school for rookies; the lectures on sponsor relationships, conduct, rules of golf, etc.; the 144-hole qualifying tournament; the few tour berths available through the PGA? Easy? Keep up to date, Dan.

ROSS F. HAYCOCK

Sandy, Utah

Sirs:

As a student in the U. of H. college of engineering, I would like to state bluntly that getting through the University of Houston is not easy. I am not able to take time off from studying to do the research necessary to support my statement, yet this lack of time is the basis for my argument. At the U. of H. average grades require extreme dedication; superior grades require, in addition, outstanding intelligence.

MICHAEL W. WINKLER

Houston

continued

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### 19TH HOLE - continued

#### MINOR OBJECTION

Sirs,

In his story on the U.S. Alpine championships (*France Has a Place to Fear*, March 28), Dan Jenkins states that Bill Kidd injured his ankle in a "minor" race in Steamboat Springs, Colo. This race happened to be the first annual Werner Classic, which is in memory of the late Bud Werner, Steamboat Springs-Ski Town, U.S.A., is the birthplace and training ground of Werner and other top racers.

Even though the Europeans were not present, we had 75 of the top U.S. racers, and this is far from minor as far as I am concerned.

CHARLES J. LUCKENY

Steamboat Springs, Colo.

#### BABY FOULS

Sir,

In reference to your article on the NCAA basketball championship (*Go-go with Bobbi Joe*, March 28), I did not particularly care for the condescending remarks that were made by Coach Don Haskins and Dave Lattin about the game of girls' basketball. Exactly one week before the Texas Western-Kentucky game in College Park, Md. I was privileged to be a spectator at 18 games in Austin, Texas which decided the state championships in four classes of girls' basketball. In the more than 10 years that I have been playing and/or watching the game of basketball, I have seen several girls' teams that could soundly whip many boys' teams.

I would also be interested in hearing Lattin expound further on the subject of "baby fouls." For his information (and yours also), teeth can be loosened by any elbow, whether it is thrown by a boy or a girl, and I think that the officials would call such a foul no matter what the sex of the player.

BETTY WOOD

Austin, Texas

#### NVP

Sir,

As avid readers of your magazine, we were really shocked to read your article about the NIT in New York's Madison Square Garden (*Basketball's Week*, March 28). Your coverage of the final game between NYU and Brigham Young was well deserved, but we cannot overlook the fact that you failed to mention that a Most Valuable Player was picked in the tournament, and he was none other than Bill Melchioni of Villanova University.

You gave Richie Dyer credit for holding Melchioni to 17 points, but you failed to mention Bill's fantastic scores of 33 points against St. John's and 29 against West Point.

NICK AUGELLI  
MIKE HINCY  
GREG LERMOND

Villanova, Pa.

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